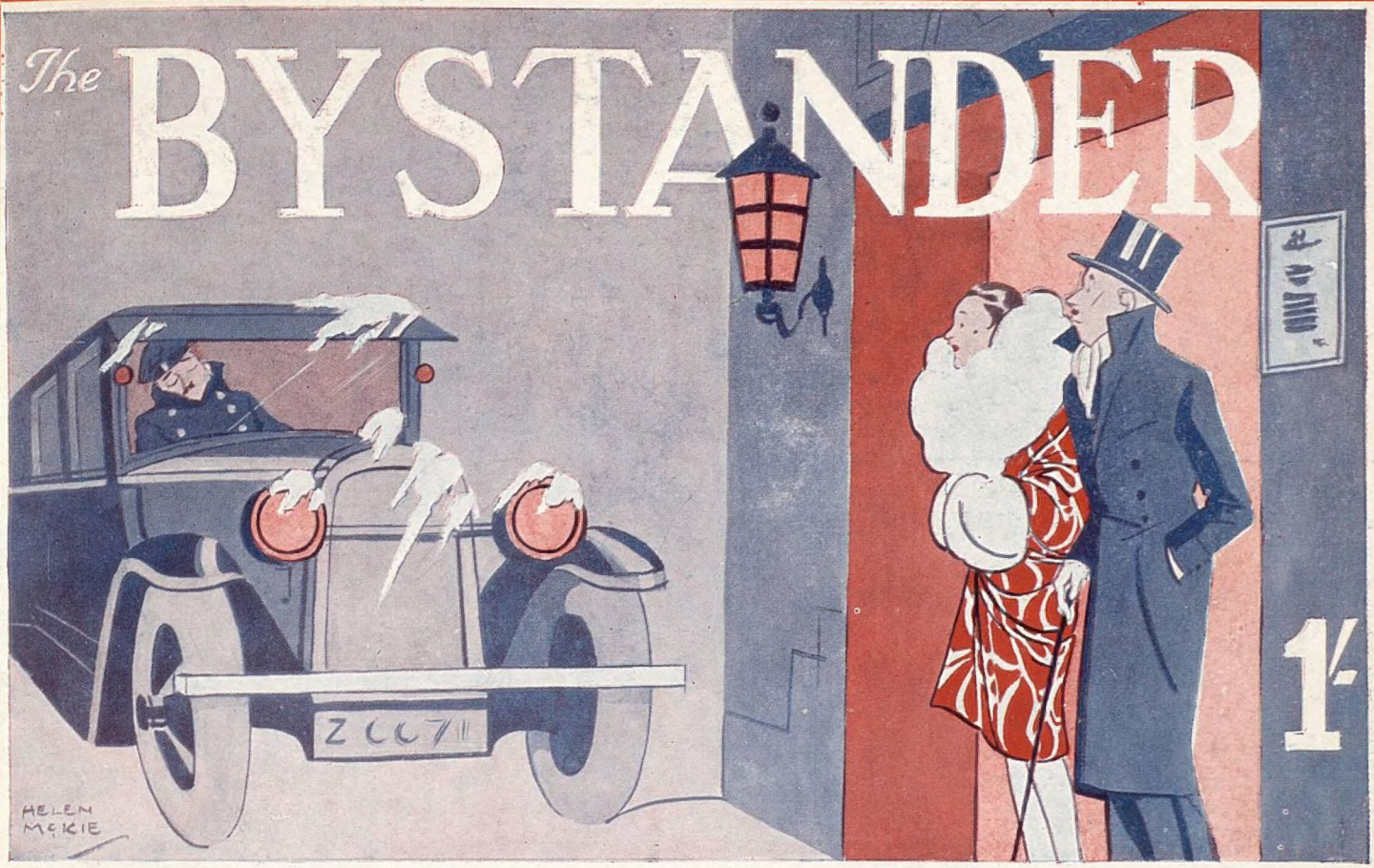
Vol. CI.—No. 1309] JANUARY 16, 1929 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

THE JOURNAL WHICH AMUSES YOU

The BYSTANDER



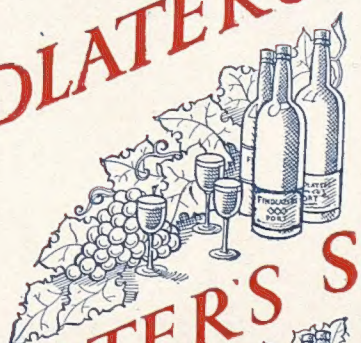
FINDLATER'S PORT

Per doz. carr. paid.

Findlater's "Mitre." A fine tawny wine, delicate and clean to the palate .. 58/-

Findlater's "Treble Diamond Port." A lovely soft wine of perfect ruby colour, well matured in wood. Very popular at many well-known clubs .. 82/-

Findlater's "Manorial." A fine delicate tawny wine. Will appeal to all lovers of a light wine 94/-



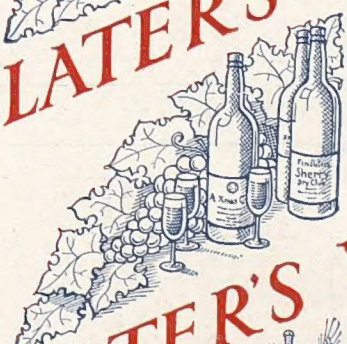
FINDLATER'S SHERRY

Per doz. carr. paid

Findlater's "Dry Club." An exceedingly pleasant wine, on the dry side, which will be appreciated by the connoisseur either as an aperitif or at dinner .. 64/-

Findlater's "Xmas Carol." The most popular Sherry in our list. Generous fruity character, very old in wood .. 82/-

Findlater's "Golden Treasure." A rare type of rich golden Oloroso Sherry matured in wood for forty years .. 108/-



FINDLATER'S WHISKY

Per doz. carr. paid

Findlater's Special Scotch Whisky (Gold Medal). Guaranteed eight years old, carefully blended from the pick of the Scotch Distilleries 150/-

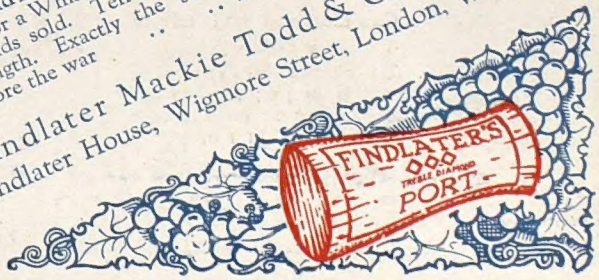
Findlater's Old Liqueur. For those who are looking for a Whisky far above the ordinary brands sold. Ten years old. Pre-war strength. Exactly the same quality as before the war 174/-

Findlater's Wines and Spirits are obtainable at numerous Naval and Military Messes and Clubs throughout the world.

EXPORT. Agents in principal cities of the world. Where there are no agents, Findlater's will ship direct. Export prices on application.

Complete price list on application.

Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd., Findlater House, Wigmore Street, London, W.1



Now Proceeding

Aquascutum Ltd. REGISTERED

OVERCOAT SALE

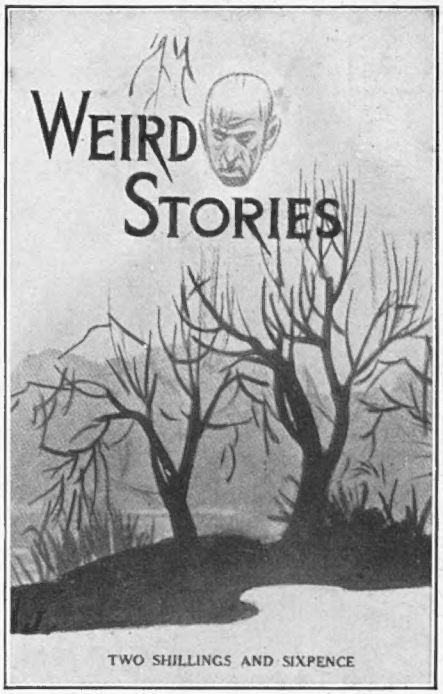
100 Regent Street, LONDON. W.1.

CARR'S Emblem Assorted BISCUITS

give a renewed zest for afternoon tea. There are no less than 18 kinds of little shortcakes, macaroons with cherries, wafers, & cream sandwich biscuits in this delicious assortment

Made only by

CARR'S of Carlisle



WEIRD STORIES

Now Ready

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE PER COPY

2/6

(Postage 4d. extra).

Order with Remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Permanent Waving

by Maison Georges' Experts *looks* like the Natural Wave; *feels* like the Natural Wave; *lasts* like the Natural Wave.

Consultations and advice given free.

The charge for the whole head is £4 4 0; for the half head, £2 10 0; for the side-pieces, £1 1 0.

One minute from Victoria Station.

Maison Georges

40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON, S.W.1

Telephone No. Victoria 5944.

THE BYSTANDER

INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Telephone: Temple Bar 8020

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

For 12 months. (*Including Chistmas No.*)		For 6 months.		For 3 months.	
U.K.	£3 3 0	U.K.	£1 11 6	U.K.	15s. 9d.
CANADA	£3 1 0	CANADA	£1 10 6	CANADA	15s. 3d.
ABROAD	£3 7 6	ABROAD	£1 13 9	ABROAD	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

POSTAGE RATES:

INLAND, 1½d. CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND, 1½d. FOREIGN, 2½d.

The Bystander, January 16, 1929 No. 1309. Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

Mabel Robey

MISS MIRIAM SEEGAR

The attractive young actress who is playing in "Out Goes She," the comedy now running at the Criterion. By no means the least successful feature of this play are the green satin pyjamas sported by the lady in question!

A CASTLE MEET IN THE NORTH

Photographs Central Press

Two photographs of the recent meet of the Percy, of which the Duke of Northumberland is Master, at Bamburgh Castle, on the coast of Northumberland. The top photograph shows the field outside this famous castle The lower photograph shows the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland with two of their children, Lord Hugh Percy and Lady Betty Percy. Grace Darling is buried in the churchyard of Bamburgh Castle

Nelson Keys as Skid, the little revue comedian of the Star Theatre in a song and dance number with the chorus. "Burlesque," of which play the above is one incident, is doing big business at the Queen's Theatre

RITZ--CARLTON

"MORNING, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"Recovered from the Sales yet?"

"How do you know I went to them?"

"Why, I saw you cannoning off George Belcher in one of the big stores."

"Was there a sale of horses?"

"No; but there was such a scrum that he probably confused Tatt's with tatters."

"Which reminds me that a critic has been picking the Theatre to shreds again."

"What's the grouse?"

"Says it's going to the dogs."

"Very dogmatic of him."

"Well, you must admit that several backers have been sold a pup lately."

"Never mind; C. B. Cochran is making Noel Coward a 'famous and historical person' in his new revue."

"Will he be surrounded by other playwrights?"

"I should say not. Rather by 'royalties.'"

"By the way, how did your amateur theatricals go?"

"Not nearly as well as those they gave at Capesthorne Hall recently."

"How was that?"

"The chief performer had such a cold that no one could hear him."

"Bad luck on the leading man."

"Leading man nothing! I was talking about the prompter."

"Can't you do better than that?"

"Sorry. But life *is* so dull now plain-clothes police aren't seen drinking in night clubs any more."

"Nowadays a policeman's tot is *not* a happy one."

"The wedding between Lord Burghley and Lady Mary Scott went off happily, though."

"Still, it's a pity that the rain emulated the bridegroom's prowess."

"In what way?"

"Well, I saw it running awfully hard down the church windows."

"Anyhow, no one can say the Clerk of the Weather had not got the teem spirit."

"The Riviera's been having it none too fine, either."

"Still, it's probably warmer now."

"No longer the Over-côte d'Azur, in fact."

"Madeira seems to be *the* playground for politicians nowadays."

"Lord Birkenhead has been playing a lot of tennis there, I hear."

"Nothing strange in that. One still associates him with the racket of the courts."

"Major Segrave is on the warpath again."

"Indefatigable fellow that. I hope he captures the world's motor boat speed record next March."

"He's given up flying, hasn't he?"

"Yes. In fact, he might say, 'My Air Force days are over, but Miami career is just starting.'"

"Stop punning, Carlton, and tell me the latest from New York."

"The number of convictions for drunkenness last week exceeded——"

"Don't be absurd! Surely Americans always observe the Letter of the Law."

"I don't know about that, but they certainly seem to see the Spirit all right!"

"*A propos* New York, have you heard how Gertrude Lawrence's play 'Treasure Girl' is going?"

"Well, by all accounts it is buried treasure."

"I expect that Lord Portarlington will have plenty of treasures in his curiosity shop when it opens."

"I want to get a lacquer screen. Have you one?"

"Alack-a-day, I haven't."

"I really can't stand this punning."

"Well, don't wail about it."

"Which reminds me I must fly off to Richmond."

"Afraid I don't quite follow."

"There's a pair of skates waiting for me at the Ice Club down there."

"It sounds a fishy excuse to me."

"Well, good-bye, Ritz."

"So long, Carlton. I hope you cut a pretty figure."

G.B.S. THE LAST

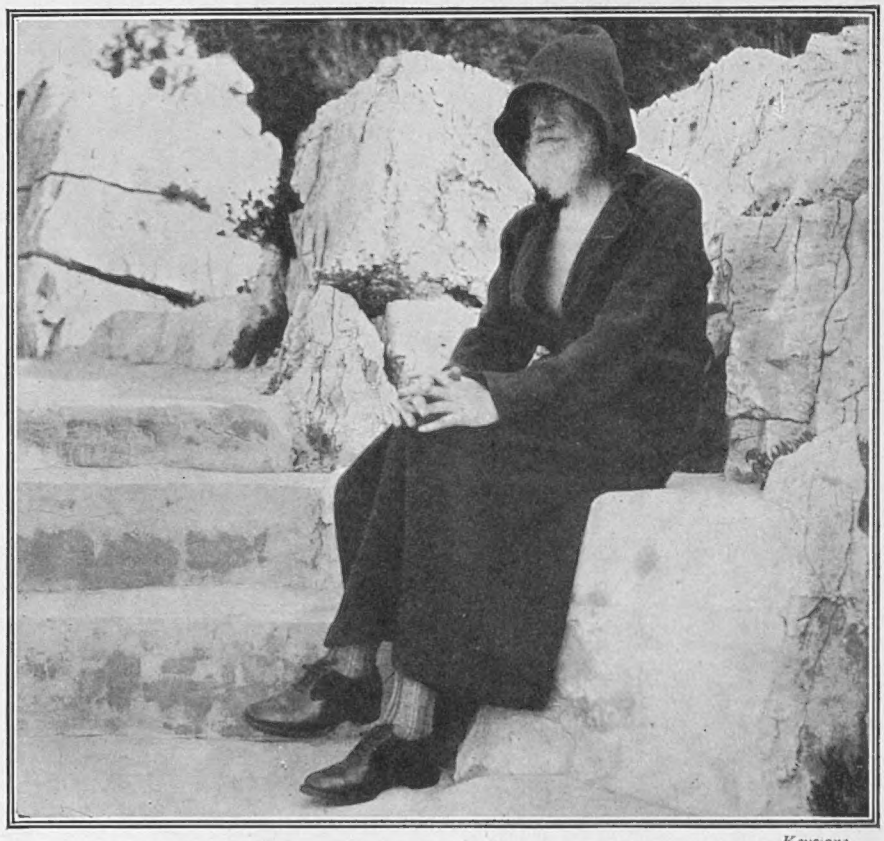
Keystone

G.B.S., at the time of his last birthday, returning to his sumptuous hotel after the matutinal dip

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has for so long been a paradox that few persons ever hoped to arrive at any understanding of the man concealed behind constant clouds of verbosity whence frequently emanate, after the manner of Jove, angry rumblings, sometimes violent paroxysms, and ever latent hostility towards men, especially Englishmen. Thanks to an interview given by him to Mr. Hayden Church, an eminent American journalist, he remains no longer a paradox. For once the clouds have cleared away and we see G.B.S. as he is. And what a spectacle!

I DO not wish to jeopardise Mr. Shaw's returns to the Inland Revenue authorities, but it is probable that his income is well up on five figures. With this he professes to be a Socialist, and has lately produced a book called *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism*, in which his theory appears that Equality of Income would solve most of the problems of modern civilisation. Mr. Hayden Church asked him if he had calculated what everybody's share would be, were there an equal distribution?

SOMEONE appears to have mentioned fifteen shillings as the first and final "share-out" of the nation's wealth. This was described by G.B.S. as amongst "bogus calculations of income," in the same way that he described income from foreign investments and the luxury trades as "unearned" and "parasitism." Is this the depth of his genius when it comes to bedrock? One rubs one's eyes and wonders! If there were going to be a division of the assets of the Empire in the "equal distribution" scheme, who would find the millions to enable the mass share-out to take place? If there were a share-out, how long would there be "equal distribution" of wealth? Half an hour? Yet that is the profound principle of the book he is selling—not giving—to his female Socialist comrades! Poor mutts!



Keystone

IS SHAW ALSO AMONG THE PROPHETS?

A patriarchal pose at Cap Antibes, where the Arch-Socialist writer retires to bathe and commune —but not with Communists

I AM afraid G.B.S. is not very profound when it comes to facts. . . . How, for example, are foreign investments either "unearned" or "parasitic"? Capital must have been earned in the first place by someone to be existent. Shaw's capital is the outcome of his literary achievements and because the English fools (in his estimation) pay to see his plays. If he invests these takings in the Argentine or Canada, are they "unearned"? If this investment is giving work to persons who would otherwise starve, is it "parasitic"? Why is an increase in "luxury trades" dangerous? Luxury is but a relative term. In a sense even motor 'buses, trains, and nearly all shops are not necessities, and neither are luxury trades. Where does he draw the line? Of course, too, his own output is a luxury trade. No one could say that G.B.S.'s plays or publications are a necessity, not even his most rabid admirers—who, by the way, are mainly to be found in the ranks of the Bolshies . . . I say that G.B.S., when he attempts to define Socialism, gives away the game. He knows nothing about it!

HE was asked by Mr. Hayden Church if he would be content with a "universal income." As usual, he ran away, as he always does when anyone attempts to pin him down to his statement. "Who cares what I would or would not be

OF THE SATYRS:

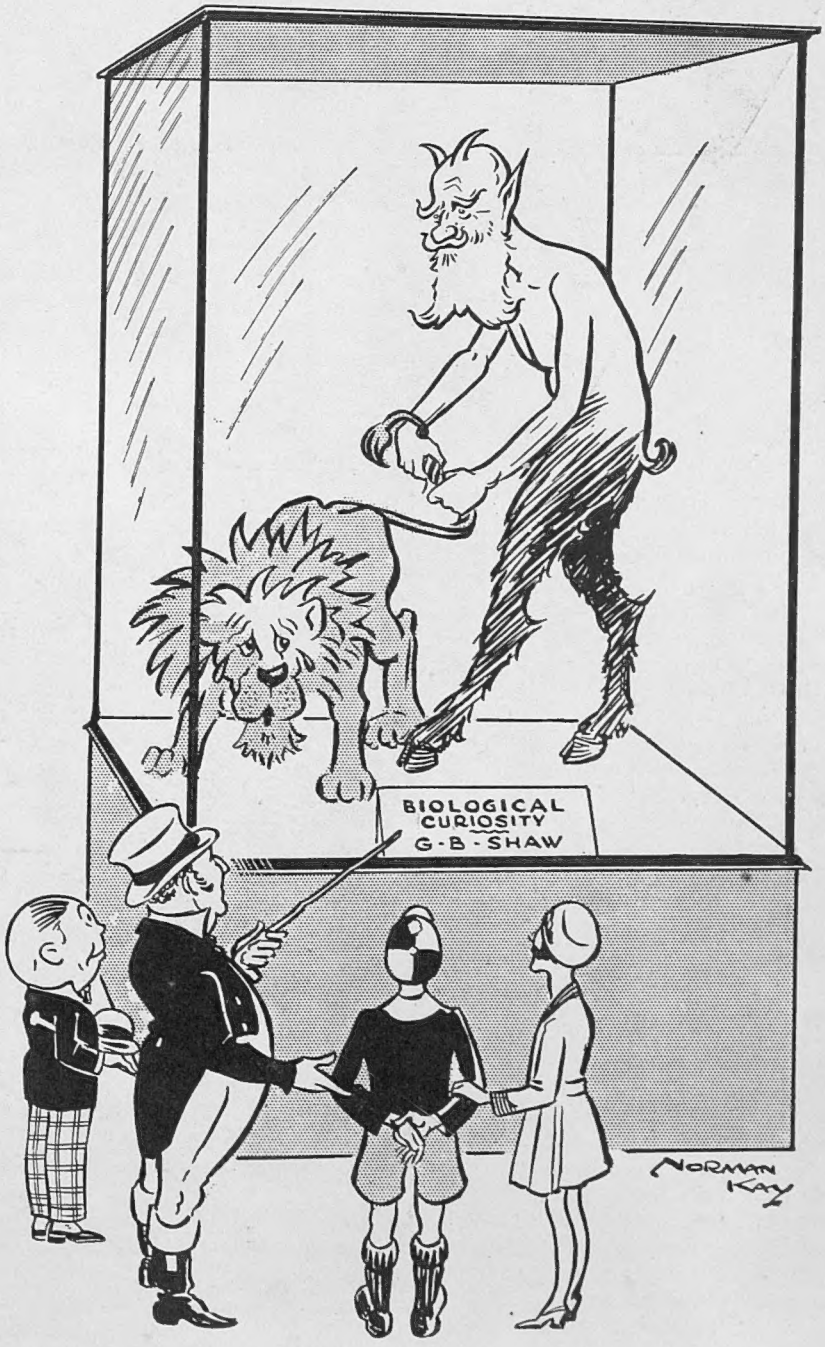
By KIM

Caricature by NORMAN KAY

content with? " he asked. " The question is not what we would be content with, but what there is for us to get." What an answer! Anybody is entitled to all the glare of publicity and all the limelight he or she can get in order to draw attention to themselves and enhance their value. That is good business if they can do it. . . . But G.B.S. uses such a horrid red or yellow glare through which to focus attention upon himself. This extreme Socialism, this pretence of equality in brains and goods, when he knows it never has and never can exist. His recent effort to breed bad feeling between the United States and ourselves is fully entitled to all the severe rebuke administered to Shaw by Mr. Coulson Kernahan in *The Daily Chronicle* a few days ago. To criticise our Yankee friends when they grow too big for their shoes is one thing: to make a statement alleging our hatred for the United States and a desire to be at their " throats " is another. It is untrue, and it is malicious, for it can only be designed for the purpose of making bad blood.

IF I were to sum up the genius of G.B.S. I should say without hesitancy that his is a Genius for Making Bad Blood. There is apparently a vindictiveness in his literary outfit. He is a kind of Puck among the *litterateurs*, to-day an elderly satyr, who takes malignant delight in playing mischievous tricks on all mortals, but especially the English who tolerate him so generously. They insist on treating him as a humorist and a wit and refuse to take him seriously, although he bites and scratches the hand that feeds him. Satyrs, though they danced in the forests of Arcady and played pipes and hide-and-seek with the Nymphs—as G.B.S. may be said to have toyed with Pola Negri recently—were most unpleasant persons. Mythology tells us that they were malicious and spiteful, entirely without heart, destructive and impish, only delighted to injure humans, and had flame red hair and beards Note these points.

ALL that so entirely accords with G.B.S. that I make a serious suggestion to-day in introducing Mr. George Bernard Shaw to you as the Last of the Satyrs. He is the lineal descendant of Silenus and Puck. True, in the course of evolution the cloven hoof may have vanished—judging from his photograph at Antibes—and also the sprightly tail. But we are not sure. He is descended from the clan of Pshaw, a term of opprobrium as early used by the Greeks. His blue eyes, cold, distrustful and disdainful are true to type. Despite his reputation, his record of public service for Great Britain is nil, for with his Satyric genius for Making Bad Blood he has no public spirit. He probably only selected Joan of Arc as the heroine of a play because, impishly, he thought it would infuriate the English—and then was chagrined because they never gave that matter a thought. This biological discovery is of such transcendent importance that I offer it to the Fellows of the Royal Society. Together with this: why not place the Last of the Satyrs in the South Kensington Museum for the enjoyment and edification of present and future generations?



" Why not place the Last of the Satyrs in the South Kensington Museum ? "

MARRIAGE A LA MODE

Lieut. Henry Ogden, a round the world flier, after his marriage at Los Angeles, snatches his bride, née Ulela Snook, to take her to San Diego by 'plane for their honeymoon

WHO---WHEN-&-

The Reason Why

TWO or three years ago rumour had it that Lady Mary Scott was about to make what the newspapers in our grandparents' day would have described as an "august alliance." But rumour and gossip were entirely wrong, and last week the Duke of Buccleuch's extremely pretty daughter was married to Lord Burghley, the Marquess of Exeter's elder son and heir. And they chose a most unusual church for what is called a "fashionable wedding"—St. Clement Danes in the Strand.

People rather wondered at the choice, but there is an old territorial bond between the Exeter family and the Strand. Their ancient family mansion stood, I believe, somewhere near the Exeter Street of to-day, the first Lord Burghley living there in the time of Elizabeth.

Many Addresses

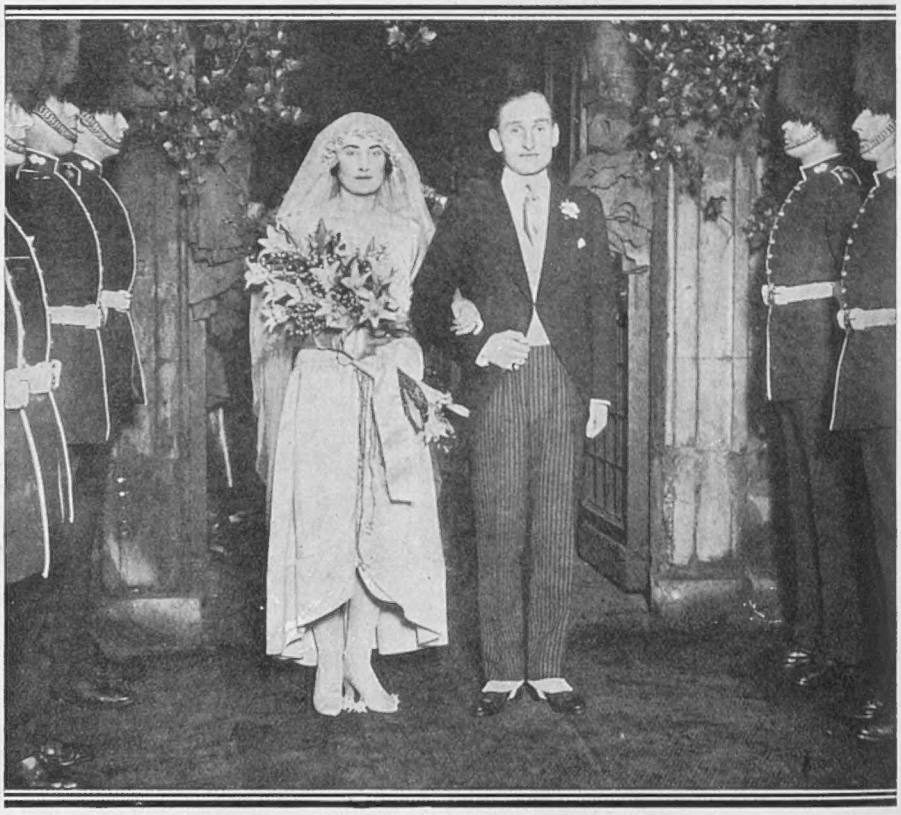
THE bride's family also had a big house near the river, Montagu House in Whitehall, and there the Dukes of Buccleuch lived until the War, when the Government bought the house and turned it into the offices of the Labour Ministry I doubt if any other peer is so overhoused as the Duke of Buccleuch. In Scotland he has Bowhill, near Selkirk, Langholm Lodge and Drumlanrig Castle in Dumfries-shire, and Boughton House in Northamptonshire. Besides these there is Dalkeith Palace near Edinburgh, but that is no longer numbered amongst the Duke of Buccleuch's many addresses.

Drumlanrig Castle, where the now Lady Burghley has helped her mother to entertain many visitors, is a huge place, built round a hollow square, and with so many windows that it is always said there is one for each day of the year. Boughton House, near Kettering, is another enormous place in the midst of splendid woods.

The plethora of big houses is due to the fact that the ducal Scotts inherited the property of three dukedoms—Buccleuch, Queensberry, and Montagu. Boughton and Montagu House in Whitehall belonged to the Duke of Montagu. The Buccleuch town house, where the wedding reception took place, now is in Grosvenor Place, overlooking the gardens of Buckingham Palace, one of the few private houses left in that formerly aristocratic thoroughfare. Before the Buccleuchs went there it was the town house of the Duke of Northumberland.

A Hurdling Bridegroom

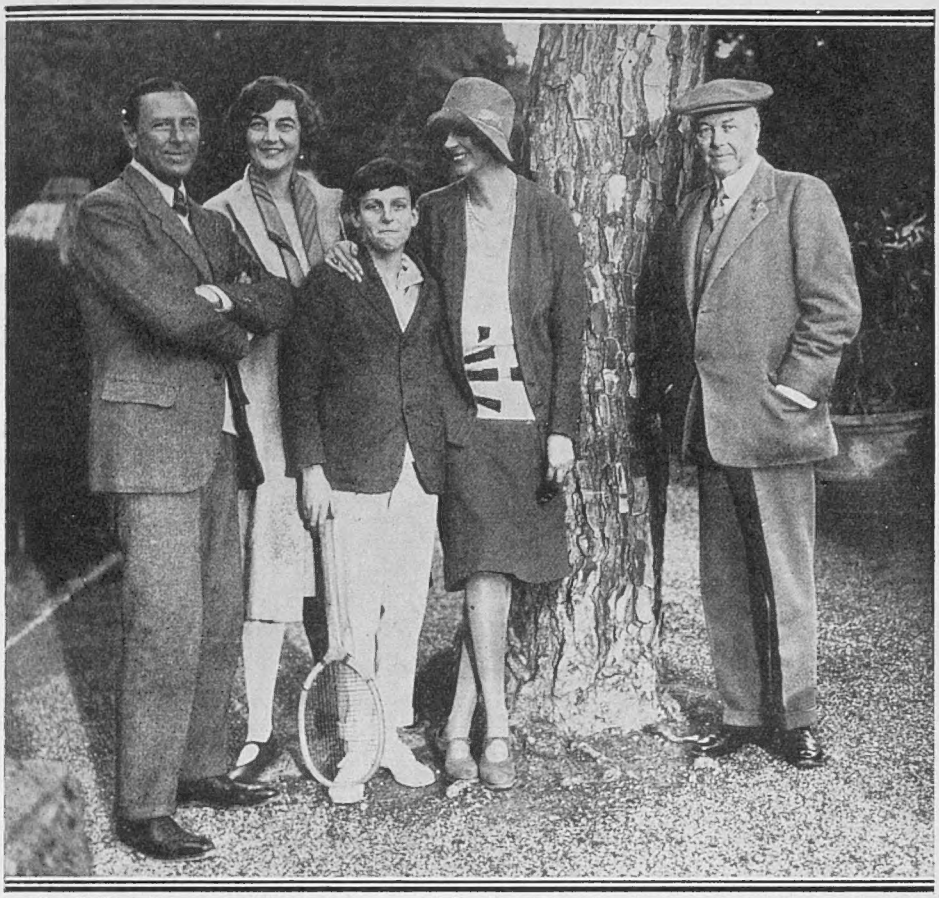
LORD BURGHLEY, who will one day succeed to that beautiful Elizabethan place, "Burghley House by Stamford town," is a champion runner and hurdler. He is twenty-five, and two years ago was chosen as captain of the Cambridge team which competed in the Pennsylvania



MARRIAGE A LA MODE

Lord Burghley, heir to the Marquess of Exeter, and renowned in the athletic world, with his bride, Lady Mary Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's fourth daughter. Traffic was held up for a long time for this wedding at St. Clement Danes, Strand, of which living the Marquess of Exeter is the patron. Lady Burghley is well known in the hunting field

WHERE



Sir William Joynson-Hicks in a group at the villa of La Mortolay, Menton. With him are Commander Eyres Monsell, Mrs. Dorothy Hanbury, Master Peter Hanbury and Mrs. Obermer (Sir William's Secretary). During his vacance the Home Secretary may find time to study some of the night activities on the Riviera

Mrs. Dudley Coats photographed at the Burrough meet of the Cottesmore, at which she was subsequently thrown from her horse. She fortunately sustained only slight injuries

University relay race. He was at Magdalen, Cambridge, and is a most popular young man.

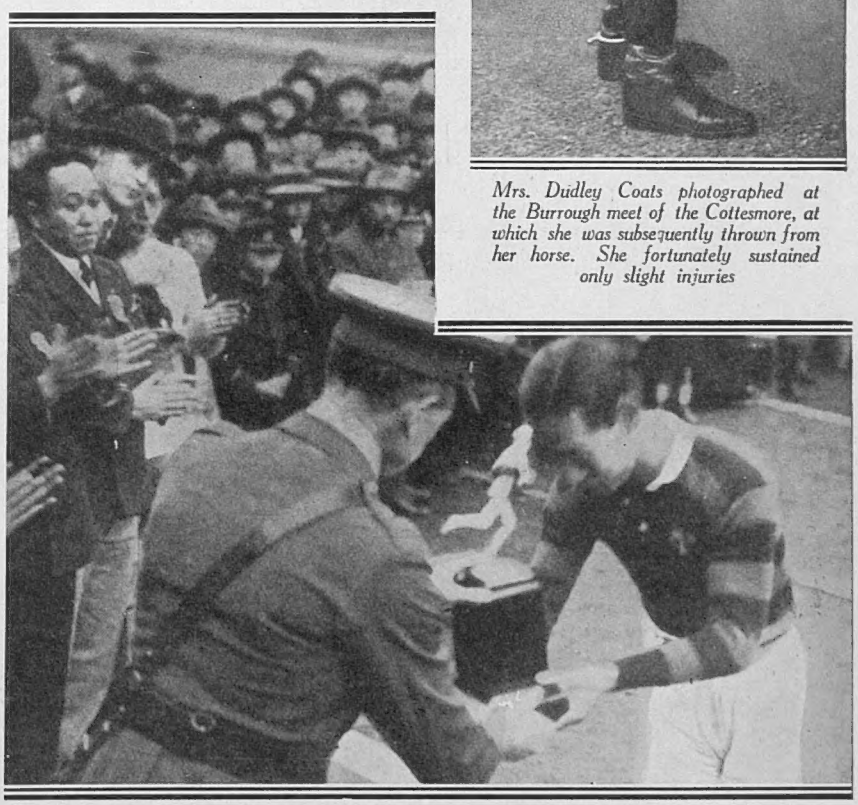
A Family Tradition

IT was only fitting that the Earl of Albemarle should be president and chairman of the exhibition of Dutch pictures to which all the world is flocking at Burlington House. His ancestor, the first Earl, was a Dutchman, one Arnold Joost van Keppel, who came over with William III and was created Viscount Bury and Earl of Albemarle for his services to his Royal master.

Service to the Court has become a family tradition with the Keppels. In practically every reign you will find one of the family occupying some important post about the Sovereign. Today, Sir Derek Keppel, Lord Albemarle's brother, is Master of the Household, and one of the King's closest friends. He has been in the King's service for thirty-six years.

Where He Could Go

ONE Lord Albemarle was Master of the Horse at the time of Queen Victoria's Coronation. When the young Queen went to be Proclaimed after her accession he insisted that his position entitled him to drive in the State coach with her and her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The Queen objected. Lord



British diplomacy of the hour. Lieut.-Col. Hill, of the British Embassy, handing to Mr. Takano, of the Keio Varsity team, which defeated Waseda, Meiji, Tokyo Imperial and Kikkyo Varsities at Meiji Shrine Stadium, the silver trophy presented by the British Garrison Rugby team in Shanghai. So doth the Foreign Office guide its policy amongst the nations

THE DRAW OF THE ALPS—SNOW AND ICE

At St. Moritz, the Mecca of Winter Sport, are seen (left to right) Mr. and Mrs. Park, Lady Plunket, and Mrs. Cunningham Reid

Miss Eileen Bennett, the English lawn tennis star, at St. Moritz with Mr. Evelyn Jones

The King and Queen of the Belgians watching Winter Sports at Murren

Albemarle therefore consulted the Duke of Wellington — the "Iron Duke" of Waterloo — who was considered to be infallible on matters of etiquette and precedents. The Duke's answer can scarcely have been pleasing to a man who was obviously very fussy about his "rights." The Duke said, "The Queen can make you go inside the coach or outside the coach, or run behind it like a tinker's dog."

The present Lord Albemarle is a keen yachtsman, and during the last forty years has built five boats himself, a three-ton cutter, and a thirty-foot steam launch amongst them.

Compton Verney

LORD MANTON I see is leaving Compton Verney, the beautiful old place in Warwickshire which his father, then Mr. Joseph Watson, bought from Lord Willoughby de Broke, to whose family it had belonged for generations.

The first Lord Manton was a wealthy Leeds soap manufacturer, who died as the result of an accident in the hunting field only a few months after he had been raised to the peerage. His son, the present peer, has gone in for racing, and has a famous stable.

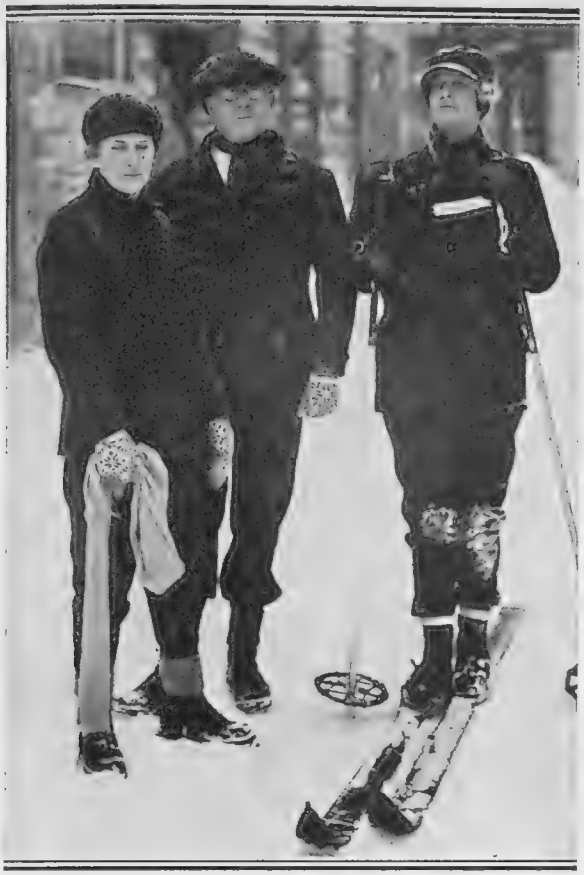
Paying for Propaganda

I TAKE off my hat to Mr. Gordon Selfridge, who, though presumably purchasing space in the newspapers for the purpose of increasing the sales at his Oxford Street store, has no hesitation in using it on occasions for quite another purpose.

Only recently he has allowed his clever copy-writer to indulge in "Calisthenic" exercises to draw attention to the urgent need of a Channel tunnel, and the arguments used are made all the stronger by the fact that they are inspired by one of the big brains in British industry, who is quite prepared to expend money for the furtherance of a scheme which would be of incalculable benefit to this country.

It really looks as if when vision is wanted the Politicians must take a back seat to the Big Noises in Business. One wonders, really, what use are politicians. Perhaps, like Mr. Maxton, they are ornamental.

BRING TOGETHER ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS



Lord and Lady Portarlington (left) talking to Mme. de Landa (formerly Countess of Drogheda) in the main street at St. Moritz

Mlle. de Alvarez, the famous lawn tennis player, comes to grief after descending the ski-ing slopes of St. Moritz

An Honour Deserved

WHAT are we coming to? Here is *The Times* throwing tradition to the winds and printing in its dignified columns an interview with all the personal atmospherics and exclamation marks which have been previously only associated with the popular Press.

But the "Thunderer" was not far wrong in thus celebrating Lady Bailey's successful solo flight from the Cape and landing at Villacoublay. What a journey! London, Paris, Naples, Cairo, then straight as an arrow she sped *via* Khartoum, Bulawayo, Pretoria, to Cape Town. Back again *via* Port Elizabeth to Pretoria. Due north for miles and miles! A dash to the west, and by the time she had reached Casablanca the solitary flier in her tiny machine had practically encircled the vast expanse of the African continent! She thoroughly deserved that interview for displaying a courage that never faltered, even when, owing to the fact that Lady Bailey "hadn't got a proper map," she "got up into the mountains and got lost" in her flight. After this mere men must look to their laurels! A photograph of Lady Bailey appears overleaf.

"The Book" at Buckingham Palace

I WONDER how many books have been filled with the signatures of inquirers at Buckingham Palace since the King's illness began? The general rule is that those who have been presented at a Court or Levée go to the Palace and write their names in the book at the beginning of the Season, and also if they should meet the King and Queen at any function after attending a Court, Levée, or Garden Party.

To write your name in the King and Queen's visitors' book—if you have the privilege to do so—is equivalent to leaving cards amongst ordinary folk. In the case of illness, the writing of names in the book is considered as a mark of sympathy and inquiry, just as one would call to know the news of a sick friend.

There must have been hundreds and hundreds of signatures in the book—or, as I have said, books—during these last anxious weeks, because everybody connected with the Court

Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Cornelius on their honeymoon at St. Moritz. Mrs. Cornelius was formerly the Countess of Northesk

THE SLUMP IN CLUB LIFE

Lady Bailey, who has successfully returned to Europe after her 18,000 miles flight to South Africa and back. Lady Bailey returned via the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, Nigeria Senegal, and the West Coast of Africa, the first pilot to use this route

and the Government, and many others beside, have written their names every week.

A Romantic Inheritance

THE two Lady Seafields—the Dowager Countess and her daughter, who reigns as Countess in her own right—must be the most widely travelled women in the peerage. Not so very long ago they went to Burmah, after other distant journeyings. Now the mother has gone to Java, and the daughter to South Africa.

Lady Seafield entered into possession of what have been rightly called "the vast domains of the Seafield Grants" three years ago next April, when she came of age. Behind this succession lay romance and tragedy—the romance of a son's affection for his mother, the tragedy of two Earls of Seafield being deprived of the family estates.

The Story

SO long ago as 1850 the seventh Earl of Seafield married a daughter of a Lord Blantyre—a barony now extinct. She was a woman of strong personality. She had an only son who, succeeding his father and dying unmarried, left Castle Grant, Cullen House, and all the vast possessions of the Seafields to his mother. The earldom, but little else, went to his uncle.

A Dominating Personality

FOR the next twenty-seven years the Blantyre Countess of Seafield managed the great estates with consummate ability. She was *maîtresse-femme*, and ruled her tenants and dependents—and likewise her friends—with a domination which was so strong that nobody questioned it. In those twenty-seven years she was the most dominating personality in Scotland.

During that time there were three Earls of Seafield, the ninth, tenth, and eleventh, father, son, and grandson. The last—Lady Seafield's father—had held the title for twenty-four years when the dominating old Countess died. She could have left the Seafield estates to anybody she chose. She may have been overbearing, but at any rate she was just. She left the estates she had inherited from her son on trust to the holder of the Earldom of Seafield and his successors.

After four years' enjoyment of the inheritance of his ancestors Lady Seafield's father died of wounds in the second year of the War; and as the Earldom goes in the female line in default of male heirs, she succeeded when she was nine years old.

The Governor of Kenya

SIR EDWARD and the Hon. Lady Grigg have arrived in England from Kenya Colony, where Sir Edward has been Governor for the last three years. They have gone to stay with Lady Grigg's parents, Lord and Lady Islington, at Rushbrooke Hall, a fine Elizabethan moated house near Bury St. Edmunds, which Lord Islington bought some years ago from Captain Rushbrooke.

As the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder, Lady Grigg was one of the most popular members amongst the younger folk in Society, and in addition to that was interested in infant welfare and working girls' clubs.

Clubs and Young Men

I HEAR that the committees of several of the older clubs are regarding a decreasing membership with dismay. The explanation is that a club is no longer the necessity to young men that it was to their fathers and grandfathers, and the days are apparently gone for ever when a hostess, short of men for a dance, could send to one of the fashionable clubs and collect them. Restaurants and the motor have entirely altered the modern young man's view towards a club.

On the other hand, the heavy entrance fee to the older and more important clubs — generally thirty guineas—is a large charge for a young man to meet. In one club it has been decided to admit candidates who are under thirty without an entrance fee.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

WYNDHAM LEWIS in our next week's issue begins a new series which we think is screamingly funny, entitled—

'GIRLS WHO HAVE MADE HISTORY'

HIS first article purports to give the life story of Mrs. Siddons.

NORMAN KAY will decorate it or otherwise.

Also—OYEZ!

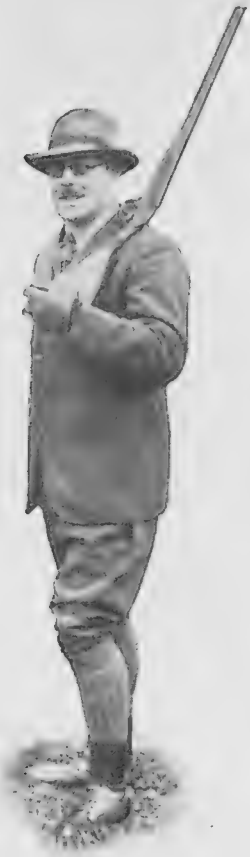
OUR next double-centre page in colours is by *GEORGE WHITELAW*, one of the most talented caricaturists of the day.

HE represents pictorially a "Hot Dog" party of celebrities at the studio of Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, the well-known artist.

And ALL the usual features.

The Hon. Mrs. F. Cripps, who recently sold some of her hunters, seven of them fetching £2,600. Her grey, Carrier Pidgeon, fetched no less than 620 guineas

Lord Melchett Holds a "Lib" Shoot!



Lord Melchett invites leading Libs to a shoot at Melchet Court, aided by his son, the Hon. Henry Mond, above——

Lord Reading waits for pheasants with Lady Melchett, whilst pondering, no doubt, on peace, retrenchment and reform——

Lord Melchett smiles as he thinks of the dear old Coalition days beyond recall——

——General Jack Seely discusses cabbages, kings, and backslidings with other leading Liberal lights, Lord and Lady Forres——

Whilst Lord Erleigh (Lord Reading's son) and Mrs Henry Mond (accompanied by Major Matthews) are evidently in favour of disarmament

BY ALFRED LEETE

"D U M M Y"

If---gossip we must---

To be on the Board of a company when business is bad, and angry shareholders have to be faced, is no bed of roses, but to be one of the ten British directors of the Suez Canal Company is one of the plums of the business world. These reflections crossed my mind when I was at Victoria Station the other day and saw Sir Robert Horne—a tenth of the English directorate—departing for Paris to attend a Board meeting.

S

Among other "tenths" are the Earl of Cromer, whose monthly visits to Paris do not seem to have broadened his outlook when dramatists submit their plays for licensing, and Lord Inchcape, who does not look as if he could appreciate a play of any sort or description whatsoever.

S

The town in Egypt where most of the acting officials of the Suez Canal Company live is Ismalia, which, owing to the fact that the company has money to burn, is one of the most spick-and-span places in existence. There is a first-rate club in the town, tennis courts galore, and the streets are kept so spotlessly tidy that were a single stray leaf to be left in the road somebody would assuredly get the sack!

S

Mr. C. B. Cochran is to put in his Empire Theatre Promenade scene in his next revue players made up as Noel Coward and Lola Montey. I do not understand the connection of these two exotic creatures either with each other or with the old "Promenade," for Lola Montey died before it was built, and it had been abolished, as such, before Noel had emerged from the chrysalis (and unrecognised) stage of youthful precocity.

It was not a particularly interesting spot at any time, with its hawk-like, silent women, its red-faced, thick-necked men, and its exceedingly dear drinks. But many undergraduates—bishops, by now, some of them—caught there their first glimpse of what they fondly imagined to be life.

But there is one real survivor. Someone has been asking whether Buncle is still in the land of the living.

Mister Buncle, please—and he is very much alive. Mr. Buncle having performed meritorious service in the Royal Horse Guards donned a grey uniform instead of that of the "Blues," and, by reason of his vast height and bulk, was able to chuck unruly patrons down that mauve staircase into the street as the average man might flick a wasp off his sleeve. But although he had a giant's strength he realised it was tyrannous to use it, and was usually the gentlest of souls.

S

I remember one Rugger night a hefty undergraduate full of high—and other—spirits objecting so strongly to leaving the Promenade that he seized on to a heavy marble-topped table when he saw Authority marching in his direction with a view to getting rid of his undesired presence. But the table did not save him! Both undergraduate and furniture were lifted out of the building and carefully deposited in Leicester Square!

I wonder whether Mr. Buncle, who is now to be seen at the gate at most race meetings, and not looking a day older, ever regrets those harder-living days!

S

The American musical piece, "Merry, Merry," is, although a British firm will present it, to be more than usually American.

Having, in Miss Peggy O'Neill, settled on one American leading

Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, the beautiful revue and film star, who was married to Mr. Sydney Colton last week. The honeymoon, which is to be a short one owing to her film engagements, is being spent in Paris

If--- gossip we must---

lady, the firm in question is determined at all costs to select an American girl in another important *rôle*. That there were English girls, good-looking and accomplished, who were out of work and could have played the part perfectly was a fact that was disregarded to the extent of not even considering one for a single moment.

There was no American girl in view for the part, so agents in America were actually instructed to hold an audition so that one could be found.

Of course one *was* found at once, and over she came by the next boat. And she is to be paid more than would ever be offered to an English girl, in spite of the fact that in her native land she is very small beer. And she has a millionaire husband.

A pretty little story, isn't it?

I AM no stickler for all-British goods, nor am I violently anti-American. But I do think of the many American musical comedy stars of no particular ability who come over here, twinkle a short time, and are never heard of again. Still more, too, do I think of the English girls, of great ability, who are not allowed to twinkle at all.

Sasha

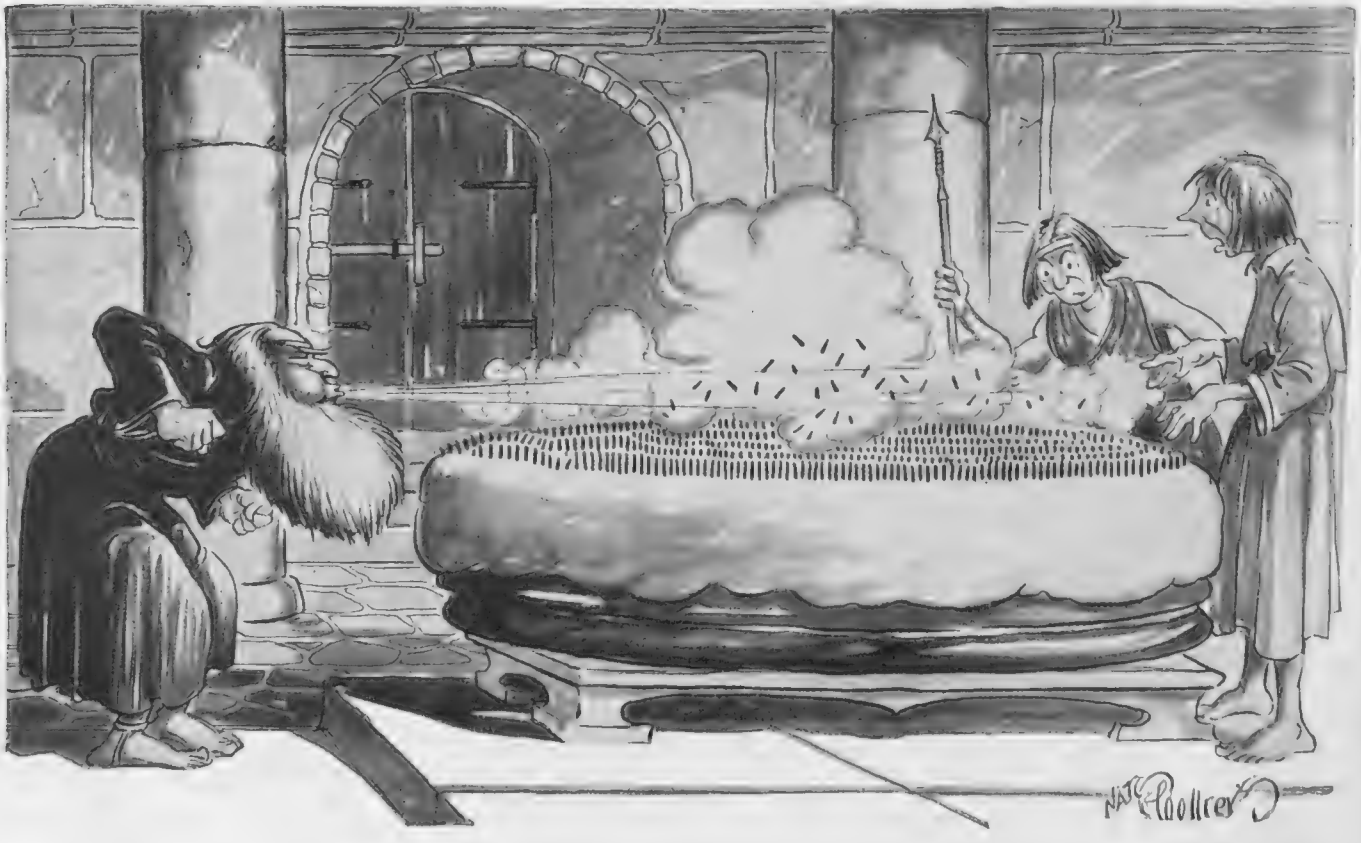
Gene Gerrard, the young comedian, who, having got "it," has also got to the top of the musical comedy tree. He is starring in "Lucky Girl" at the London Pavilion

THE ground floor and basement of what used to be the old Bristol in Cork Street have been transformed and beautified. The building, opposite the "stage door" of Burlington House (where, when I.C.S. and other Government examinations are in progress, anxious and spotty youths are apt to congregate to discuss the difficulty of the questions and their first cigarette but four) was, until recently, the Ladies' Army and Navy Club.

The Army and Navy ladies are now housed more spaciously in St. James's Place. Part of their old premises are shops. The rest is Soso—which is far from being the same thing as silence.

SOSO, who is not, of course, Japanese, but Italian, is a popular person with greying hair, an immaculate dinner-jacket, and a ready laugh. He is probably Luigi's most formidable rival, and "Soso"—the new restaurant is his own venture—is a mashie shot from the Embassy.

Soso was in command at Ciro's, then went to the Kit-Cat, and then to the Ambassadors. He has probably found an abiding place in the restaurant which looks like being as



By Nat Collier

SOCIAL MEM.

Methuselah demonstrates his lung-power by blowing out all the candles on his nine hundred and sixty-fifth birthday cake

"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH" L.N.A.

One has heard of gentlemen who take ladies of the chorus out to supper, but here is a reversal of things. The chorus of the "Rose and the Ring" at the Playhouse are seen entertaining the directors and management to a little party, which they recently gave in their honour

By Starr Wood

"What became of that little Peke you loved so much?"

"Oh, Pekingese went out of fashion, so I had him put out of his misery"

much sought after north of Piccadilly as is the green-doored Sovrani's in Jermyn Street.

There is a pale green dining-room, a wood-panelled grill-room, a cocktail bar, and, as for the cooking, I have at last discovered what a *Bouchée de la Reine* can really be.

I SHALL watch with interest Sir Thomas Beecham's amalgamation with the B.B.C. in a grand orchestral scheme. He is an autocrat is "Tommy," and an autocrat, too, is Sir John Reith, who not only contrives to look like Mussolini, but also to behave like him.

While we may, therefore, look for harmony in a double sense, it is by no means certain that we shall get any harmony at all. The amount of money ear-marked by the B.B.C. for first-class orchestral music, though considerable, is not inexhaustible, and "Tommy" has at his command a sum almost as large.

He will walk off, and his money with him, the moment he is crossed.

BUT if he is able to insist on putting an end to the deputy system, in which the B.B.C. are prepared to back him, much will have been accomplished.

At present a large symphony orchestra has the choice between insisting on "no deputies"—and not getting first-rate players, and engaging first-rate players—who do not turn up.

One famous foreign conductor in London not long ago arranged, at enormous expense, for six full orchestral rehearsals. He had, owing to the deputy nuisance, a different gang at each rehearsal, with the exception of a red-headed bassoon player, who attended regularly each time.

At the end of the final rehearsal the conductor, with tears of gratitude, thanked this man for his loyalty. "That's all right, sir," replied the bassoon player cordially, "but I'm afraid I must send a deputy to the concert!"

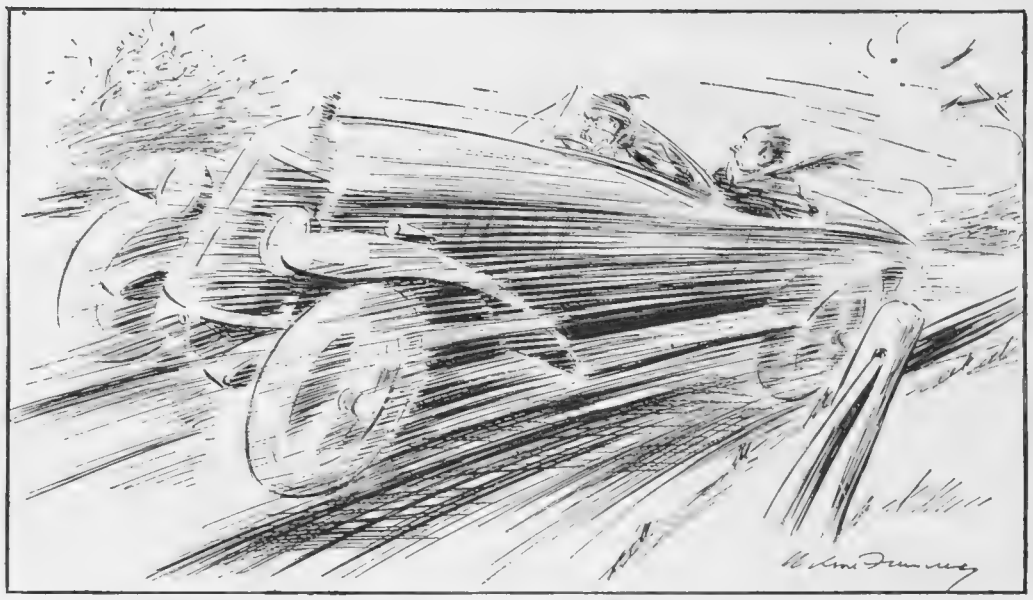
L.N.A.

Now that "talkies" are an established fact American film stars have to work harder than ever. Not only do they have to keep fit, as Lilian Gilmore is seen doing above, but they have to master the secrets of elocution as well

MR. J. C. SQUIRE, who can be mercurial enough away from London, is not to repeat his successful experiment of a mid-winter cricket match.

I think he is wise. That affair in Hampshire will long be remembered, in spite of the fact that Mr. Squire himself scored precisely nothing. They had plenty of luck, what with brilliant sunshine and an army of Press photographers. Although it had been pre-arranged that the hounds should get mixed up picturesquely with the cricket, the finding of a fox somewhere in the long field

If--- gossip we must---



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL: "Since she rejected me I don't care *what* happens!"

was an unexpected delight for the field—both hunting and cricket.

The players declare that they did not feel in the least cold. Perhaps the hunting folk will now retaliate by butting into a cricket match in mid-summer. Miss Ethel M. Dell once made her villain wear immaculate hunting pink in July.

LET me quickly get in a word about the Boat Race, as there will certainly be no room for it in a week or two when the special writers and the photographers get busy. It will be something of a revolution among the big knees of the Dark Blue Wet Bobs if Oxford row with swivel instead of fixed rowlocks. That may mean nothing to you, but it is a triumph for "Steve" Fairbairn, the old Cambridge "Blue" and coach. He made the Thames Rowing Club row with these swivels, and they have hardly stopped winning the Grand at Henley ever since. It is probably to Oxford's advantage that they will not have to train under the handicap of Dr. Bourne's coaching this year. He could design boats—but not crews.

TO chatter glibly of doings at Mürren, Wengen, Pontresina, or Davos in the columns of London newspapers seems to be the peculiar joy this year of overgrown schoolboys in, presumably, Old Stiltonian sock-suspenders.

But if one thing were needed to make Switzerland a more unpleasant spot during the present season even than it appears to be from such accounts, it would be the singing of a certain silly song which no amount of mutual back-scratching can drag into any semblance of popularity. Fortunately visitors to the Alps and thereabouts will, despite asservations to the contrary, be spared this ordeal.

Central News

An exhibition of dancing given at a children's fancy dress party in aid of the Waifs and Strays. It was held at the Hyde Park Hotel

WE are most of us very Dutch and "arty" just now, and to go to Burlington House to see the Dutch pictures is not only the thing to do, but an exceedingly enjoyable thing.

I cannot imagine a worse time of year for such an exhibition, and it is almost impossible to appreciate the subdued subtleties of these wonderful old pictures during a dull and murky January.

THERE really is a chance of seeing that fine actor, Henry Ainley, back on the stage in the spring. He has been ill for a very long time now.

Most of last summer he was at an hotel at Ventnor, then he moved to Bristol, where he had a relapse. He is much better, and back again in his beloved Isle of Wight, for Sir John Martin-Harvey has lent him his house near Bonchurch.

Meanwhile, young Ainley has adopted his father's profession, and is an enthusiastic member of the Martin-Harvey company. Martin-Harvey learned his job with Irving at the old Lyceum, and thus is a good loadstone handed on.

BY O. CROMBIE

"Do you know Lord Heathmoor? I've often shot at his country seat"
"And did you ever hit it?"

Sunshine and Showers on the Riviera

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Mr. and Mrs. Phillips Oppenheim with Mr. Downes (left) outside the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo. Mr. Downes is carrying Norah, his terrier, who is undoubtedly the best known dog in Monte Carlo

IN France the celebrations heralding the New Year are of far greater importance than Christmas festivities. Consequently visitors who have spent a cheerful and traditional English Christmas arrive just before New Year's Eve with an excellent excuse for a party, and resorts all along the Riviera do their utmost to ensure a happy New Year by ushering it in with the greatest possible *éclat*.

FOR ourselves, having spent a few days very quietly at Cagnes-sur-Mer in solemn preparation for the festivities, we decided, after much careful thought, that Monte Carlo would be the most entertaining place in which to park ourselves for two or three days. The drive to Monte is always most enjoyable, as, apart from the beautiful scenery of the Corniche Road, there are a few famous bars *en route* which, being a ritual, it is almost sacrilege to ignore. It would be criminal, for instance, to neglect to refresh oneself at the "Rendez-Vous" bar at Nice; the dry Martinis at Maxim's are world famous; while to omit sampling a tangerine cocktail at the Réserve at Beaulieu, in its lovely dining-room overlooking the sea, is to argue oneself a Philistine. Consequently one enters the Principality of Monaco, if not mellow, at peace with mankind, assured that life is a most pleasant affair, and convinced that one can already hear the croupiers of the Sporting Club announcing one's favourite numbers have turned up.

LET no one accept with fatuous credence the unvarying sing-song of the continual sunshine, the soft blue skies, the gentle winds of the Riviera, where, according to the famous advertisement, "Winter is only a Name!" It's a better place if one is sometimes honest about it. Yesterday I saw the rain sweeping down the streets, saw those wonderful chairs which are supposed to hold every day in the year gaily dressed crowds of men and women, piled one on top of the other in sloppy dejection; saw the orchestra retire behind the plate-glass windows of the café; saw pedestrians, with their coat collars turned up, and their umbrellas leaning towards the gale, make difficult and shivering progress through the streets. The gay little carriages were suddenly tarpaulin-covered hearses. The sea turned to grey, the boats in the harbour rocked.

BUT—and this is where the Riviera gets the pull—in two hours' time one fancied that the gods of the cloud-wreathed mountains had breathed down a magical spell upon us. There was a line of green sky seaward, little patches of blue visibly growing into shape, a dead wind, sunshine breaking through everywhere, glittering in the puddles, drying the pavements with incredible celerity, bringing the perspiration out on to the forehead of the no longer shivering pedestrian who has to carry his mackintosh and hates his umbrella.

THERE is just one other point, too, about these brief lapses into bad weather. We spend half the time complaining about the heat of the hotels, and the Casino, and the Sporting Club. How comfortable they are, though, when the wind really sweeps for an hour or so the streets outside, and the sun sulks. There is always, as someone was considerate enough to remind me the other day, a little indoor life left to us in Monte Carlo, and a few hours of hibernation are amusing enough, even if they affect your pocket-book.

I HAVE come to the conclusion that I like Monte Carlo best in these days before the real season has commenced. It is like one great club, the only qualifications of which are good-fellowship, friendliness, and the capacity for enjoyment. With no crowd, you know exactly where to find your chosen companions.

YOU can almost guess at the table before which they will be sitting in the particular bar of their choice. Your favourite

Messrs. G. Simond (left), A. H. Lovibond, J. M. Hillyard, Dr. Weissman, the German Secretary of State, and Dr. Redwood White enjoying a quiet game of bowls in the grounds of the Metropole at Nice. The "woods" are grape-fruit which were scattered during the recent storm

Sport and General

An international group of lawn tennis players in the tournament recently held on the Metropole courts at Cannes, with Mr. G. Simond, the referee and handicapper. No fewer than twenty-three nationalities are represented in the above photograph

Sir John and Lady Lavery watching the tennis at Cannes. Lady Lavery's daughter was playing in the tournament here

table at your favourite restaurant is free, and your favourite *maitre d'hôtel* is ready to look after you. Even that great culinary artist, Monsieur Ré has time to suggest and himself assist in the production of one of his special dishes.

THERE are quite enough people to make the place interesting, whether you want to golf, play tennis, dance, flirt or gamble, and space to indulge in many of the recreations. Last week remains full of poignant recollections for me. There was the Baroness Orczy's yearly reception, she herself always the most piquant and tactful of hostesses, eternally moving about, yet eternally by the side of the person who needs her presence, an artist at hospitality, an artist in the selection of her friends.

THEN there was the casual old gentleman who, with a pile of mille plaques before him, received an invitation to a drink, pushed the lot to a croupier by the side of whom he was sitting, who received them with a nod of comprehension, and played his game for him steadily for at least a quarter of an hour.

THE secret of not losing too much at Monte Carlo is not playing too much, and everyone is complaining of the late start of the opera season, which does not, as a matter of fact, commence till the 24th. From the list of artists, however, it should be wonderful, and people, I think, scarcely realise what a distinguished position the Monte Carlo Opera has attained in international music. . . .

GAMBLING, I think, has been rather on the light side this week. Everyone seems to have been giving himself over to social festivities. Guido, at the Royalty Bar, has a new tie, and has learnt two new tricks, and Francis is spending serious hours in the concoction of a new cocktail, which is to be not only a tremendous pick-me-up, but also absolutely harmless, and approved by the whole medical profession. May I be there to drink it! G. P. O.

Lady Kennard, who is now at Monte Carlo with her husband, Sir Coleridge Kennard. She is the sister of Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis

FILM NOTES

A HALL CAINE NOVEL FILMED

By AUBERON

A homely incident in the film version of Sir Hall Caine's famous novel "The Bondman." Norman Kerry, who appears in the name part, is seen with Frances Cuyler

"THE BONDMAN"

"THE Bondman." This tragic drama, adapted from Sir Hall Caine's famous novel, is a production of no little merit, and lends itself admirably for filming purposes.

THE story of two half-brothers, unknown to each other, both in love with the same girl, and of the heroic sacrifice on the part of the elder one, Jason, The Bondman, to save her happiness, is too well known to be told in detail. Sufficient to say that it held one's interest from start to finish, and that the trade show audience gave it a splendid ovation.

THE scenic effects and detail in this film were good, but I noticed a slight tendency to hurry over some scenes, which was slightly confusing. For instance, when Jason overcomes the Captain of the Sulphur Mine and dons his uniform the whole series of action is completed while we are still counting ten—an impossible feat of rapidity, considering the amount of clothing to be exchanged.

THE scenes between the brothers, both prisoners in the Sulphur Mines, were both exciting and pathetic, especially when Michael is blinded by an explosion and Jason learns that this rather weakly young man whom he has befriended is the brother he has sworn to kill.

NORMAN KERRY is The Bondman, and once more I cannot help thinking that he should be more in front of the public eye than he is at the moment. He has a strong, good-looking face and virile personality, combined with a certain wistfulness which makes him rather appealing, to my mind. He is also the fortunate possessor of a very attractive smile and a splendid muscular figure. This part suits him admirably, as it gives him the opportunity of showing the rough and tender side to the character he is portraying, and also he can be numbered among the little band of actors who look their very best in costume films.

FRANCES CUYLER, who plays opposite him, is a blonde, rather of the Vilma Banky type, but not as experienced as yet. I believe, however, that she is a fairly new comer to the film world, so can be excused a certain woodenness and lack of expression until she has had the chance of developing her technique more. She is pretty, and makes a charming contrast to the darkness, almost swarthiness, of Norman Kerry.

FILM producers seem very keen on this combination just now, owing, no doubt, to the popularity of the two attractive originators of it, Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. It is a combination which undoubtedly finds favour in many people's eyes, and is, therefore, one that should be encouraged.

THE other members of the cast acted well, but I was disappointed with Donald McCardle's performance of Michael. He was much too weak and ineffective to have held the love of the girl through three long years' absence, especially when she was seeing so striking a person as the adoring and manly Jason every day of her life.

THIS is the only mistake Mr. Herbert Wilcox, the producer, has made, along with the fault already mentioned of a desire for too rapid changing of scenes, but it is a big one. It is points of this description that the average picturegoer notices, more than the accuracy of the lighting, or other technical details of that sort.

An exciting moment in the Sulphur Mine This is one of the big scenes in the Herbert Wilcox production of "The Bondman"

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS

Two striking examples of *le dernier cri* in coats and wraps as interpreted by leading Paris costumiers

A Redfern creation with moulded lines reminiscent of the costumes of the last century. It is executed in emerald green velvet, the side panels being embroidered in silver. The muff is of black fur

The "fishtail" silhouette is exploited in this evening wrap by Madame Jenny. Of robin's egg blue marocain, broche in gold, the collars and cuffs are of grey fox

Mistinguett, who is still the darling of Paris revue, as she appears singing "Mon Homme," the song she has made famous the world over. Mis—as she is affectionately called—is at present playing in the Moulin Rouge revue, "Tout Paris"

PARIS

SOME CELEBRITIES,

By JAY MARTIN

THE centre of attraction at the Ritz the other afternoon was the Marquise de San Miguel, and no wonder. She has just won thirty-one million francs in the Spanish lottery. One of my most philosophical little friends remarked that the reason nobody works in Spain is because they all think that each year they will win the lottery. Near the Marquise was seated Lady Abdy, who, in leaving after her tea, fell over the foot of my crossed leg. We had quite a conversation about it. I had never met her before.

"YOU see," I said to my pal, "that is one way of meeting celebrities. I am only now reading Beverley Nichols, and I wonder why his hero of 'Crazy Pavements' didn't think of sticking out his foot to trip up people in order to make their acquaintance and then write about them. Imagine, if I had a wooden leg, what fun I'd have! Even Bernard Shaw might fall for it. I would then say, 'Why, Mr. Shaw, don't you like being tripped up?' and he would say, 'G D H!!!!ZX//$%!!'DDD,' and I would write a brilliant article on 'What Bernard Shaw Has To Say About Young Journalists With Wooden Legs.' So than even the editor might raise my salary!"

AFTER a discussion of that profound scheme we retired to the bar, where we joined a most international little group with but a single thought: "Martinis all round, and sausages, lots of sausages." We were with Kiki Roy, the daughter of the Canadian Minister in Paris, Captain Martinez, the Argentine Naval Attaché, and Edward Grossman, of Chicago. Kiki was quite peeved with Edward Grossman, because he had called on her Christmas afternoon without wearing the cravat she had sent him. "I was exhausted," said Edward. "Five girls (I am not boasting) sent me scarves. I took them all with me, and changed them in the taxi before calling on each girl. I had nearly choked to death in changing four times, so I had to give up just before going to see you."

THE best place to park yourself these days, if you must see celebrities, is in front of the Santé Prison. At least one Minister and one Duke are implicated in the fantastic scandal of the "Gazette du Franc." Thousands of ignorant French people invested in securities advertised in, and recommended by, the "Gazette," which Madame Hanau had purchased and directed just for this purpose. Monsieur Klotz, ex-Minister of Finance, and one of the signatories to the Treaty of Versailles, cashed over fifteen million francs worth of worthless cheques, drawn upon banks operated by his friends. Because of the dreadful reflection on the Government it would make, the bankers said nothing. But when Klotz, who was a maniac for extravagance, started in to forge cheques, then somebody was so annoyed that he gave the whole show away. People, of course, are horrified, but there are comical reactions, echoed even in the cinema. A film has been

GOSSIP

SAUSAGES & SO ON

Sketches by SCHUS

made from "Madame Recamier," the biographical novel written by Eduard Herriot, until recently the Minister of Education and Fine Arts. In one scene between the banker, Recamier, and his wife she is distressed at having seen the First Consul send Madame de Stael into exile. Recamier admonishes the more famous Madame Recamier by saying, "Now—now—it is imprudent for financiers to mix up in politics." There is nothing funny in those lines, but at each showing of the film the audience simply howls with happy laughter.

"Even Bernard Shaw might fall for it"

LIFE is full of the strangest coincidences. In looking through the back pages of the Parisian telephone book we discovered that at number 68, Avenue des Champs Elysées are located Guerlain, the perfumer, Maud Loty, the actress, and the "Office du Pur Sang," a horse-breeding society. I suppose that I am easily amused, but I certainly was. It started a new game, too. At number 99 of the Champs Elysées are Fouquet, the restaurant, the Société des Veneurs, and the gorgeous Jane Renouard. I saw her play last week in a delightfully naughty play, "L'echec à la Reine," at her own theatre, the Daunou.

TWO days after my discovery of Maud Loty's address she burst forth into the public eye. She advertised a reward of twenty-five thousand francs for the return of her lost, strayed, or stolen dog. One of the comic papers published in their columns their claim of the reward; they were sure that the dog was safely hidden away at Number 68, Avenue des Champs Elysées, but they would gallantly disclaim the cash if Mlle. Loty would take the dog out for a walk. It had been tied up for days in the coal cellar, although some-

Georgia Graves—who is not to be confused with George of that ilk!—a young English actress whose classic profile has won her fame in Parisian revue. She is appearing as a modern Joan of Arc in the revue now running at the Folies Bergères

what comforted by the perfumed fumes from Guerlain. And then la Loty got some twisted publicity that she didn't want at all. "Paris-Midi" is a newspaper that organises all sorts of semi-public entertainments. Last week they gave a dinner for various champions. For boxers, as guests, of course, they produced André Routis, Al. Brown, and Spider Pladner. They had Jean Borotra and Brugnon, the tennis champs, and swimming, fencing, and skating stars. And, for their delight and amusement, many different kinds of actresses: Yvonne de Bray, Blanche Montel, Cleo de Merode (as I live!), Parysis, etc. Everybody had a good time except Maud Loty.

SHE was furious because they had not placed her at the head of the table. Her anger grew and grew. She wasn't quiet about it, either. She rose to go. One of the orators barred her way. "Madame," he pleaded with tears in his voice, "you couldn't possibly think of leaving us, could you? How could we get along without your charm, your elegance, your very presence? Surely your heart is as great as your artistic temperament."

UNDER such a flood of compliments Maud Loty sat herself down again. "Did you see," said the victor proudly to one of his colleagues, "did you see what I accomplished? Did you see? Spinelly was about to leave, and I succeeded in making her remain."

Spinelly is to appear, later in the season, at the new casino in Nice, which is to be directed by Max Dearly, very dearly . . . .

THE Princess Marthe Bibesco's book, "Au bal avec Marcel Proust," has appeared. It gives a new slant on Proust, and some of the letters reproduced give amusing contact with people. In one letter he replies to Sir Philip Sassoon that his first impression of the British politician was a purely aquatic one. For one evening Proust was dining alone in a room at the Ritz. Suddenly he heard the most awful crashes and splashes, and feared that the hotel was falling to pieces and being flooded at the same time. He asked the waiter what all the noise was about. "It comes from next door," replied the waiter. "Sir Philip Sassoon is taking a bath."

"I changed them in the taxi before calling on each girl"

THE most divine show that I have seen in years is the "Théâtre des Piccoli," which is a marvellous company of magical marionettes. In 1912 Vittorio Podrecca, a journalist, art critic, and secretary of the Royal Academy of Saint Cecilia in Rome, decided to found a perfect theatre. To do this, of course, he had to dispense with actors, as Gordon Craig has always claimed. He gathered around him the best poets, composers, sculptors, scenic and costume designers, musicians, singers, and operators, and worked two years before he was satisfied.

THE marionettes are handled far more perfectly than the most diplomatic manager could expect of living actors. And as good actors cannot sing, and few singers can act, the little figures do their stuff while lovely voices sing, hidden away somewhere. And the singers put over the same delicious satire and invention as the marionettes. Ottorini Respighi, who composed the glorious "Fountains of Rome" and "The Pines of Rome," did the music for a miniature "La Belle au Bois Dormant," which is in three acts.

BUT, to my eye, the finest things were "Salome, la negresse chanteuse et danseuse," "Chasse aux Papillons," and "Musique de Chambre." A dark Salome danced in the wildest, most exaggerated way, accompanied by two little black girls who stood on their black heads and showed glaring white panties.

A GENIUS played at a tiny, tiny piano. You thought he was just another pianist. The genius was the man up above the little stage who pulled the strings. And when the little pianist feverishly turned pages looking for a song to accompany a tenor, the audience went into fits. So did the tenor. The tenor had a fair control over his face, but his emotions were revealed by the white kid gloves held in his left hand, which fluttered in nervous agony.

IMAGINE the joy of having such performers under your management. They may break their strings, or crack a few joints, but never can they break their contracts. J. M.

A DIFFICULT LAY

A hen in America has been found sitting on a bottle of whisky.

FROM Prohibition's Volstead coils,
And Retribution's sterner toils,
There comes this little lay
Of a Buff Orpington, maybe
Rhode Island Red or Cherokee,
Who scorned the Law one day.

Though every hen should lay an egg,
Your kind indulgence now I beg
To find the reason why
A bird of such renowned repute
Should the abiding Law refute,
And do a thing so sly.

I cannot help but sagely think
Why such a bird should need a drink
Unless she felt forlorn.
And though such stock I've never seen,
I really think it must have been—
Why, just a Boot-Leghorn.

J. R. WILMOT.

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT LIVES

(No. 4)

BY H. H. HARRIS

SIR HARRY LAUDER SAVES HIS VOICE BY BECOMING A WHISPERING BARITONE

"HITCHED!" — T

BY ILON HERON

HE STAR TURN

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LIMITED, SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

Topical

Miss Cleeve and Capt. S. A. H. Batten refuse to take the pleasures of the Monmouthshire Hunt Ball seriously. Although the latter won last year's Jumping Championship Cup at Olympia, he does not carry such activities to the dance floor

DANCING MEN AND DIGNITY

By SANDERSON GIBBS

Now that the season is upon us when the fox-hunter tightens his girths and foxtrots at the Hunt Ball, and the Dance Committee of many a regiment is going into conference on the vexed question of decorations, buffets, and bands for the Regimental Ball, it behoves me to say a few winged words on the question of dancing. Not that I want to be dogmatical or anything like that; I don't. In fact, I couldn't be even if I tried.

Next time you are at a dance, though, watch the males skipping and frolicking. The band starts up a foxtrot and your dancer, having looked anxiously round to make sure that there are at least five other couples on the floor, gives his white tie a final dab, pulls himself to his feet with a "morituri te salutamus" expression on his face and whispers confidentially into the ear of his intended victim. He is not, as a foreigner might suppose, informing her that sherry wine will be served in the front parlour after the interment. No, he is asking her "to skip, frolic and move in a lively and excited way"—*vide* the dictionary's definition.

Stalking on to the floor with all the dignified solemnity of an undertaker at an archbishop's funeral, the gay reveller places his right arm woodenly round his partner's waist, and, with his mind fixed firmly on the steps he has just learned at the cost of three guineas to himself and heaven knows what blood and tears to the wretched girl whose task it was to teach him, joins the merry rout. Dignity is his watchword, and right nobly he lives up to it. Were he to dance with more than his feet and introduce a little suppleness—let alone subtlety—into his evolutions something terrible might happen. He might even be mistaken for one of those ghastly pros or something.

The most hopeful citizens from a dancing point of view are the very young and the more or less aged. At a place where the former gather in force, such as the Empress Rooms in Kensington, the dancing is well worth watching. Here you get something of the fine careless rapture of the Palais de Danse with its flying feet, heaving shoulders and waving Judean palms allied to that classicality of style that is born of a good teacher and a receptive pupil. After all, when you have spent a trying morning and afternoon having the shortcomings of the Young Man of To-day rammed down your throat by reproving elders, it is not unpleasant to give them proof that, whatever your shortcomings may be in the matter of rolling back to the office late from lunch, you can at least cut a better figure than they can when you get on the dance floor.

Of course, the Old Brigade won't admit that they are beaten even in the realms of Terpsichore. But then, they never *will* admit defeat at the hands of Youth. Just consider this question of the Charleston, for instance. We are for ever being told that it is "finished," that it is *demodé* and out of date. Yet it flourishes. The reason? Quite simple, my dear Watson! The Old Brigade don't like it because it calls for supple limbs and a lithe body. Now, neither of these attributes is found to any excess among them, so they naturally do not like the dance. Therefore it is not "featured" much in restaurants and clubs. You see, it is Age rather than Youth who holds the purse-strings, and if you pay for the piper you will call the tune.

If only those men who are young enough to dance really well would try their damnedest to be mistaken for a member of the species *Gigolo* rather than a fellow who "dances" to keep fit for hunting, you know, we might yet see a dance of English origin well danced on an English ballroom floor by Englishmen. At the present, Terpsichore wears horn-rimmed spectacles, chews gum and scorns Sir Roger de Coverley—and our "dancing men" are the only ones to blame.

British Illus.

Four couples sitting it out with the photographer at the Percy Hunt Ball at Bamburgh Castle. The group comprises the Misses E. Ridell, E. and M. Adamson and Mrs. L Spencer, and Messrs. Lance Smith, W. Spencer, W. Harcourt and G. Thompson

THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES

By W. E. B. HENDERSON

SOLOMON expressed, in terms, his utter inability to elucidate the problem of the "way of a man with a maid." He did not think it worth while even to mention the more acutely difficult problem of the way of a maid with a man, just as David, in his famous pronunciamento, confined himself to "All *men* are liars."

When a learned man bears his "weight of learning lightly like a flower" and is still youngish, fond of society and the good things of life, and does not fulminate wildly against modern youth—when, moreover, he has a charming wife and daughter, a delightful country house, *and* a cellar, he need never run short of guests. Such was Professor Worthing, not shaggy, dandruffy, and baggy-trousered like many of the intellectual giants of old, but spruce athletic human, and able to switch off from Greek roots to the most up-to-date conversational frivolities with no sign of effort. Indeed, he has both delighted and shocked the Nestors of his time by his Puckish *jeu d'esprit* "Imaginary Conversation between Pericles and 'Jix' on 'The Courtesan: Political Asset or Liability?'"

This story, however, is not of the Professor, but of his daughter Daphne, as delightful a piece of sweet feminine perversity as ever stood some five foot four above Mother Earth. The thumb-nail sketch of her father has been introduced that you may not feel surprised that on this 31st of October—Hallowe'en—his house was full of young and, indeed, not pedantically intellectual people. There was Ella—Daphne's bosom friend, newly married—come to show off her new husband while she still retained him—there were one or two nice girls and boys who do not take leading parts in this story—and there was Peter.

Now in these days—when women steal our names as well as our hearts, clothes, vices, jobs—it is necessary to mention that Peter was a boy. For Daphne he was *the* boy—a fact which she had discovered with that curious sense of indignity mixed with thrill which invades a bosom inherently virginal in spite of myriad flirtations. Your true Diana does not yield without a few scratchings. But what was rather trying was that, at present, Daphne had nothing to scratch about. Peter's behaviour was altogether too correct and respectful. Of course, he couldn't control his eye—thank heaven!—and she knew he was in love with her all right. But she wanted a declaration because, after all, it was about time she got engaged—to see what it felt like—and if he proved to be sufficiently manageable it was even possible that she might marry him. The problem that was now exercising her was, what was the most effective method of manœuvring him down the blind alley "from whose bourne no traveller returns"—alone. She held confabulations with Ella, who had definitely landed her fish, in which, as usual, a vital problem of the moment was as an ostrich-head in the sand of the Suppositious Case.

On this night of October 31 the Professor was in great form. A first-rate dinner, excellent wine, and a fusillade of eager allusive conversational frivolities had affected all with a jolly insouciant gaiety. After dinner he had set the young people on to the ancient—and therefore novel—game of "bobbing for apples," modestly standing out himself after saying with a twinkle in his eye that it was a pastime designed for the dentures of Nature rather than those of Art. He sketched this history of the Apple as the eternal Symbol of Mischief—Eve, Atalanta, the Hesperides, Paris, and the "Big Three," switching on therefrom to some of the ancient Hallowe'en customs and superstitions.

"By the way, I don't suppose any of you know *The Golden Bough*?" he queried.

"Is it a revue?" asked one of the girls.

"Yes, my dear, a review of the customs, habits, and superstitions of most of the races of the world—much more thrilling than most novels. You can read there of Hallowe'en—the eve of All Souls' Day. On Hallowe'en the fairies are out, the witches beat Lindbergh on their broomsticks, the hobgoblins—er—hobgobble. In the Highlands, if you were that way inclined, you could sit on a three-legged stool at cross-roads while the church clock was striking midnight and hear a ghostly voice calling out the names of the villagers doomed to die within the twelvemonth——"

"Ugh! how cheerful!" cried Ella.

"Mystic fires were lighted . . . There was the three basins trick and various others. Perhaps the most popular was the Midnight Mirror Stunt."

"What was that, Daddy?" asked Daphne.

"A girl would comb her hair before her mirror by candlelight at midnight on Hallowe'en, and her future husband would come and look over her shoulder."

"Oh, how thrilling!" chorussed the girls.

"Did it ever work?" jerked out Peter, joining in the subject for the first time.

"Ah, history doesn't relate. Possibly there was sometimes a little—prearrangement shall we say?" The boy could have sworn there was a tiny momentary twinkle in the Professor's eyes. He sat quietly thinking . . . Daphne also seemed a trifle preoccupied.

Whether it was that Professor Worthing considered that *The Golden Bough* should be succeeded by "The Golden Bowl," I know not, but a special punch of his own brewing was served shortly before midnight. Daphne herself helped Peter to this compound—and with liberality. She then discussed the "Midnight Mirror" business animatedly and audibly with Ella, expressed her intention of trying it, and retired to the storeroom in search of the necessary candle. It was noticeable that several of the ladies faded away about this time, while Peter, after another "go" of punch, siddled out of the room.

* * * *

Now alcohol is the spur of the shy man, and your tame psychologist would tell you that the stronger the inhibition the greater the reaction when it is removed. As twelve midnight was about to strike from the ex-stables (now garage) clock, Peter—with artificially-induced devilry—stood at Daphne's bedroom door in bedshoes.

To his surprise it was six inches open. The room was in gloom, the only light being that of one candle upon the dressing table whereat stood Daphne in a ravishing dressing-gown, gazing into the mirror while she combed an Eton crop with graceful sweeps.

At the first stroke of twelve Peter stole noiselessly into the room and, quickly advancing, stood behind her, looking over her left shoulder into the mirror.

She gave a faint and artistic scream, but had the presence of mind to run across the room, shut and lock the door before saying "How dare you!"

"Daph—Daph—darling—dammit—*I* want to be your future husband!" he stammered. ("Was ever woman in such fashion wooed?")

"Well, really, this is a nice time *and* place to choose for that particular announcement," returned the girl. "Villain, woulds't gain thy sinister ends by compromising me?" He looked at her and saw that her eyes were dancing with mischief.

"Oh, don't break my ribs!" she gasped. "Oh, Peter, what a 'Punch-y' kiss! Now you must buzz off quick."

She hurried him to the door, unlocked and opened it. Ella stood on the threshold.

"*Mr. Maxwell!*" said Ella in a terrible voice.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

IN ENGLAND AND WALES

Alfieri

A picturesque view of the West Kent Foxhounds arriving for a meet at Ightham Mote, near Sevenoaks, the residence of Sir T. Colyer-Fergusson. The West Kent country covers about 17 miles by 17 in Kent, and is chiefly pasture and woodland. There are thirty couples of hounds kennelled at Otford, near Sevenoaks. The West Kent country was first hunted as far back as 1776

Topical

Colonel E. J. Skinner talking to Mr C. C. Williams, who is Joint-Master with Viscount Tredegar of the Tredegar, at the meet at Cefn Mably, near Cardiff. This Hunt has had some splendid runs this season

Express Photo

Lord Burghley photographed at the meet of the Fitzwilliam at Burghley House, the seat of his father, the Marquess of Exeter Lord Burghley's marriage to Lady Mary Scott took place on Thursday at St Clement Danes

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

"THE PATSY" AT THE APOLLO

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a very modern version of the old story of *Cinderella*, with a supplement on the lines of the *Taming of the Shrew*, which is the name of a play by another well-known dramatist. It is what is usually called a Domestic Comedy, which means that there is no sadness about it and no sex complications, though, being a play of American origin, the unavoidable subject of whisky naturally crops up here and there. The interest in the production centres in Miss Helen Ford as "The Patsy," and it is mainly to her sweet and natural charm that the play will owe such success as it may achieve.

WE begin with a commercial traveller, Mr. Bill Harrington. He comes home after an absence of three weeks on the road to find his wife, who has high social aspirations, about to go to a fashionable Bridge party. Mrs. Harrington is a specialist in tearfulness. Most of the time she is weeping in various parts of the stage, sometimes on a chair, sometimes on a sofa, and now and then she leans over the banisters on her way upstairs, and does her weeping there rather than miss the chance of a copious cry.

HER chief grievance at the moment of her husband's return home is that she has no automo*beel* of her own, but, in order to get to her party, will have to take the street car, just like an ordinary washerwoman. It is a common experience that it is chiefly in countries that boast of the democratic equality of their citizenship that petty class distinctions are most severely observed.

MR. HARRINGTON, however, resolutely declines to involve himself in the expense of a car, although it is alleged that you can buy a Ford in America for one dollar paid down and the other four dollars, or so, in quarterly instalments. The car question being definitely settled, Mrs. Harrington is driven to find another subject for a renewed outbreak of tearfulness. She expresses the fear that the second daughter of the house, Patricia, is going out of her mind. Whenever a subject of conversation is started in the house, Patricia usually chips in with an entirely irrelevant remark, such as there is no use crying over spilt milk because there is water enough in that already. Or she will give tongue to the weighty axiom that while all the world's a stage, most people never get to be much more than supers.

MR. HARRINGTON, in a heart-to-heart talk with Patsy, who is daddy's little girl, lets daylight into this apparently alarming state of mental aberration. It appears that Patsy rather underrates her good looks and general personal attraction, and so she has bought a volume of smart sayings which she is learning by heart in order that when she is in mixed company, and no one seems dazzled by her beauty, she may shine as a wit of the first order.

THE boys who run after other girls and pass her by, may be attracted to her side by her brilliant repartee. When her father asks her point-blank if there is any particular boy of her fancy, she admits to being deeply in love with Tony Anderson, who so far has given no indication that he is even aware of her existence.

TONY ANDERSON has for the last four years been engaged to Grace, the elder sister of Patsy. In pantomime, Grace would be, of course, one of Cinderella's Ugly Sisters, though since she is represented here by so charming a lady as Miss Leonore Sorsby, she would have to do desperate violence to her features in making up for such a part. Grace has not at all a nice disposition, and at a moment's notice she has thrown Tony over in favour of Billy Caldwell, a prosperous young man who carries a bulky pocket-flask and who naturally therefore moves in the best New York circles. Tony learns of his dismissal quite suddenly. He calls as usual on Grace, only to be informed that she is not at home; and as Patsy is the only representative of the family available, it becomes obviously her duty to try and entertain the very welcome guest.

WHEN two young people of sympathetic dispositions find themselves together in a secluded parlour the conversation usually turns upon the subject of Love, either for the good motive, or otherwise. In this case it is, of course, discussed in the most primly suburban manner. Patsy begins at once by telling Tony of her hopeless passion for a young man who is apparently indifferent to her charms. Tony at once professes to know all about the cure for that kind of complaint.

HE tells Patsy she must find out the young man's hobby, and profess to be ardently in sympathy with it; and when he hears that the young man in question has just been turned down by his best girl, Tony assures her that she may consider herself to have already hooked her fish, since a fellow always wants to take a hair of the dog that bit him, or words to that effect.

PATSY plays her cards accordingly, and though the course of her true love necessarily has its off moments, the end is obvious. One of the snags is sister Grace herself. She quarrels with Billy Caldwell, and calmly announces that she will have to come back to Tony again. But it is at this point that Patsy, who has been most sacrificing all along, resolves to show fight. Grace is not at all a nice girl. We see something of her character when she is telephoning, and incidentally we get an illuminating picture of the Hello Girl in the United States. It appears that if you complain that you have been kept waiting for a reply she calls you a liar, and you say she's another, and then you hang up the receiver hurriedly for fear the ensuing repartee should get out of hand.

ONE of the attractions outlined by Tony as a bait for a promising young man is the ability to play and sing his favourite melodies. Patsy notes this detail carefully, and when Tony calls again he finds her at the piano warbling some of the songs that mother sang. This leads up to a quite perfect rendering of the "Last Rose of Summer" by Patsy, which proves to be the song that reaches Tony's heart. He capitulates promptly, and then learns that he has simply been dosed with his own medicine.

A GOOD deal of the last Act is padded up with a rather commonplace family quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, though it is presented with conspicuous ability by Mr. Frank Shannon and Miss Lucia Moore. Mr. Harrington tires at length of his wife's sobstuff, and when a new outbreak is threatened he orders her to sit down and shut her mouth, with the peremptoriness of Petruchio himself. And when he goes upstairs he calls to his wife to come to him at once, and after a little nervous hesitation she rushes obediently away. *The Patsy* is an entertaining play, and comes as a welcome relief from the surfeit of sex dramas that have of late deluged the Town. JINGLE.

LEONORE SORSBY AS GRACE

A RUGGER REVERIE

TWICKENHAM TRIALS and THRILLS

By PENDARVES

Sport and General

J. S. Tucker, the Bristol and England forward, photographed performing a fine dribble in the game between England and the Rest at Twickenham. England won a good game by 24 points to 17, chiefly by the advantage they held at forward, but the defence on both sides was poor

BEFORE we come to our own troubles at home let us glance for a moment at the making of trouble which stalks abroad for us in the Scottish land. This is a very ominous side that Scotland is putting into the field against France. Ominous for us because of its power, on paper, and its cohesion. I fancy those French gentlemen are in for a very thin time. Gosh! it is *some* side! Look at the threequarter line: Ian Smith, fed by Macpherson; Simmers fed by J. C. Dykes. A striking force of tremendous possibilities. And when I went up to Scotland recently to spy out the Rugger land for this paper they tried to fob me off by telling me that Jimmy Dykes had "given up serious football" and was drawing his old-age pension in some nice, quiet Highland spot. The canny Scot again.

AND one of them puts a trunk call through to me this morning from Glasgow (he must have come into money) asking me to lay him odds—hot stuff, the Scot. They actually admit also that they have found "a football genius" (pronounced "futba'") in their fly half, A. H. Brown, of the Heriots. So you can imagine what *he* plays like. Five of their forwards are old Caps, led by Bannerman. And it is only at forward, I fancy, that we shall ultimately hold them, if they stick to their next Saturday's side.

NOW for Twickenham. Welsh form this season has been conflicting and sporadic. Little is known of the possibilities of the Wales side here: they don't seem to know a great deal about it themselves, and they are not too happy altogether. Nevertheless, their Probables scored the huge amount of 47 points against the Possibles' 12, which pointed to the fact that either they are a powerful attacking side, or that their Possibles are impossible—an unlikely contingency. Welshmen on an international day, whatever the state of the ground and wherever the place, invariably put up a fierce forward fight. And unless I am very much mistaken 60,000 people will see a forward scrap next Saturday that will make the 80 minutes seem like 8 to them.

FOR we have got some forwards this year of quite exceptional quality. They are heavy, they are fast, they are fighters, and the front row is like a brick wall for solidity. They are quick at the heel, hook well and break up quickly, so that all four national opponents will have to watch out. For here, I think, lies England's strength. It must have been terribly difficult for the Selectors at the Final Trial to decide whom to exclude and include, for in both packs there was much individual brilliance. Nor did the All-Highests' troubles end there. They wanted to see how Whitley worked the scrum for England with Laird as his outside. They could not because the Harlequin player suffered from a poisoned face, and so Meikle had to come in.

THE threequarter line also was a puzzling business for everyone (not that we count one row of pins, of course), because odd things occurred to it. We know Buckingham, of Leicester, to be a fine centre. But although his defence that day was irreproachable, his passing certainly was not. And when, on the Rest side, Wallace was injured early on in the game, Jacob appears on the wing in his place, and plays so well that we wonder why he is not playing in the centre (his proper place) with Aarvold! Then there was Sladen, the youthful Services centre, astonishing all of us with his prowess, playing vastly better than he did at Camborne, where, I think, he suffered only from one thing, "the needle." He thoroughly deserves his place. Aarvold and Smeddle, although their methods are a bit stereotyped, do at least score tries, and their defence is excellent. G. S. Wilson from Tyldesley is the other wing.

EVERYONE came away talking about Arthur Young's "off day." But a scrum half can do precious little behind forwards who don't heel the ball out. After forty minutes of yelling at them to do something about it, the best scrum worker in the world is inclined to lose heart; and when it *does* come out he is probably so fed up with the whole business that his passes—as Young's did on that day—go out to the stand-off with a gesture that implies, "There you are; take the damned thing, I'm sick of it!"

The Battle of the Rose and the Leek

BY MAC

Our artist's impressions of some of the "good men and true" from England and Wales who will meet at Twickenham on Saturday. The first of the home internationals is always particularly exciting, as the form of the countries engaged is a matter of conjecture. The Welsh forwards are ever tigers for work, but England has a pack of great solidity, and a wing of scoring power in the Aarvold—Smeddle combination, while Powell of Wales is a tough proposition at half

WHEN CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

By ROSEMARY *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

Tea and cocktails at the Gate Theatre

THAT visitor from Mars, or angel from the other place, who every now and again descends upon our Literature, if not our lives, must think we modern mortals have bad astigmatism. If ever a straight line be the shortest distance between two points, then be sure we choose to get there by a sort of Inner Circle.

TAKE the prevailing club system, for instance. If you want to dance or eat-drink-and-be-merry after a theatre you go to a club to do it. Idea here originally, no doubt, was that this provided a feeling of security; home from home, Englishman's castle from Englishman's castle sort of thing—and so it is to be again with General Byng at Scotland Yard, they do say.

AND now if you want to see a play with a guarantee that "the play's the thing"—and not the leading lady's private life or her advertisement for face-cream—you go to a club to do it. Unless, of course, you go to the Old Vic, where they started off their season with *Macbeth* on Monday. There's the Arts Theatre Club, where they are doing Tchekov's *Seagull* to-night (Wednesday)—a delicacy to tickle the higher-browed palates, and certainly to be talked about if up to now you've rested on the laurels of the "Cherry Orchard."

AT the tea and cocktail party that they gave at the Gate Theatre last week to celebrate its new decorations I heard one of the Bright Young People, who are saving British Art for 1929, explaining the aims of this particular Theatre Club. He explained that you paid so much and then you were allowed to pay so much again in order to buy a seat for the plays that were put on there. "Ah, yes," said the dear old thing, "just like the Army and Navy Stores!"

THE new decorations were carried out by the Marchese Malachrido. Up to now the theatre has been doing with hessian round the walls and an uncertain lease from Gatti's Restaurant. Now a rich benefactress, strictly anonymous, has bought it and let it to Mr. Peter Godfrey and Charles Spencer almost unconditionally. Which seems to be a very satisfactory form of what they call across the Channel *Société Anonyme*. At the reception I saw the Baroness D'Erlanger, and, representing other arts, Mr. Nevinson and Mr. Arnold Bennett.

THEY say there's to be a club for brothers. Not meaning anything to do with liberty and equality and all that sort of thing, but for the unfortunate, unfamous brothers of famous men. I think there ought to be something for people who have met the lions' in-laws. I once met Arnold Bennett's sister. She lived in one of the Five Towns. (I don't care who made the country, but whoever was it made *five* of these sort of towns?) She was one of those terrifyingly direct persons with no use for the fripperies of small-talk. I remember saying something like "How do you do?" to her, and she replied, "*You* look all right," thereby cutting acres of conversational ground from under the feet.

WHICH is all very well, but the weather can sometimes come in very useful. As the betrayed governess says in *Fashion:* "What a true pleasure there is in daring to be frank." Miss Viola Lyell in this play, which the Gate Theatre are showing till January 26, is delightful. Someone ought to write a new "Fashion" in Modern Dress. Something where Miss Lyell's governess would give place to a typist in distress, and the "climbing" Mrs. Tiffany would be the wife of a very expensive knight. Which gives me an idea, probably the man who was responsible for those five towns has disguised himself like that. There *was* a place emerged from the War as the city of dreadful knights, wasn't there? Or can't you remember which it was?

The effect of a cocktail is instantaneous

BUT, going back to the usefulness of the weather in breaking the ice, as it were, I see that Professor Dixon, of Cambridge, has been making a most startling discovery about cocktails. He points out that they contain a solution of a volatile oil mixed with vermouth and such spirits as gin, brandy or whisky! The discovery here does not lie so much in the gin, brandy or whisky but in the volatile oil, for oil, volatile

or absolutely quiescent, is unpleasant except when mixed into a salad dressing.

ANOTHER discovery of the learned professor is that these cocktails are taken at a time when the stomach is empty and, consequently, pass very quickly into the blood strain: which, I suppose, is a learned way of explaining why they are so exhilarating.

THEIR popularity with the youth of both sexes—especially mine—is explained when we further learn that by imbibing these insidious mixtures—and they are insidious—young people lose their shyness and (this we feel, dear reader, has the charm of the well-expected) they drink them in a spirit of bravado.

BUT what follows is of even greater interest. "The action of the cocktail," says Professor Dixon, whose remarks—horrid thought—are published in the *Journal of Inebriety*, "unlike that of other alcoholic drinks, is immediate, but its duration is transient, being limited at the most to twenty minutes."

IF you unwrap the gist of that from its little woolly shawl (I do admire the clarity of scientific statement, always, don't you?) I gather it means that if you've anything to do, have your sidecar and do it at once. Nineteen minutes after may be too late. On the other hand, "After whisky, sleep a while." It is only with the naughty cocktail that you need remember about "*sic transit* . . ." and the twenty-minute limit.

WHAT is to be done about it? Nothing, I fear. We shall go on being offered cocktails and refrain from declining them, even though we know that they are bad for us, as are lots of other things which we continue to eat and drink.

BUT, seriously, this professional condemnation might institute a new fashion, or rather an old one which might be worth reviving. Our ancestors were accustomed to offer guests a glass of sherry wine at any time of the day. That sherry wine has not, so far as I know, received medical censure! Who will be the first health hostess to ask us to a sherry séance?

BUT there, don't let's start thinking about drink and the laws thereof; that would be just *too* difficult to explain to our friend the Martian. If you like seeing what happens, though, when people start entertaining angels unawares try "The Bishop's Wife," by Robert Nathan. It was very hard on her, she didn't know that the Archdeacon was Michael, and therefore constitutionally platonic in his love affairs. She got as much "kick" out of it as you might from standing up in a bus for a cherub.

IT is an excellent book, though. I liked the Jew who is very anxious to have his name on the list—for the new cathedral. It seems to remind me of a poem learned in very early youth on something the same lines. It started, if I remember rightly, with a very Victorian sentiment, something like this: "Rabbi Ben Ezra, may his tribe increase. . . ."

This is the last trump. The woman who said: "Do you believe in clubs for women?" The man who answered: "Yes, when kindness fails."

"If you want to dance or eat-drink-and-be-merry . . . you go to a club to do it"

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

IN THE NINETEEN-NINETIES

By RALPH STRAUS

ONE evening, many years ago, when I happened to be sitting next to Sir Henry Rider Haggard at dinner, he told me that he hoped to write one day a romance about the future which might convey a much-needed warning to our own age. Already, he said, he had sketched out his first chapter, and I have never forgotten the details he gave me about it.

❋

HIS hero was to fall into a deep sleep, and wake up in the London of the nineteen-nineties. He was to walk down a rebuilt Oxford Street, beflagged and illuminated, and find himself amongst a huge crowd of people who were watching what appeared to be a triumphal procession. He would see several smart regiments march past with their colours, and gaily decorated cars, and obviously important people in State carriages.

❋

AND as the procession neared its end and the cheers of the mob grew louder he would see something like a Sovereign's escort of Life Guards, and wonder in whose honour the gorgeous spectacle had been staged. Perhaps it was the King of England returning from his Coronation. Perhaps the City was celebrating a great general's victories.

❋

AND then he would be surprised to see, sitting alone in the finest carriage of all, drawn by six white horses, neither king nor military hero, but a shabbily dressed and not very beautiful woman, obviously nervous and almost ludicrously out of place. The cheers would become deafening, and flowers would be thrown at the carriage, and the poor, bewildered woman would make pitiful attempts to achieve a Royal bow.

❋

WHAT on earth could it mean? What could such a woman have done to deserve such unusual honour? The man from long ago would feel shy of betraying his ignorance, but finally pluck up enough courage to speak to the man who was standing next to him on the pavement. Who was this woman? His neighbour would stare, but reply. It was Anne Smith, of course. But what had she done? And the answer to that question would give the clue to the chief reason for writing the book. London was paying honour to Anne Smith because she had actually been successful in giving birth to a live child.

❋

I RECALL these details in view of what has recently happened. That fantastic romance, I believe, was never written—I wish that it had been, for here, surely, you have a wholly original and queerly frightening idea worthy of the author of *King Solomon's Mines*—but in its place came others which, if they fell short of the earlier books, were at least exciting and robust.

❋

BOYS were probably his most enthusiastic readers, but he fully deserved his widespread popularity. He may not have been a literary

Barratt

The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, whose book, "Mary of Marion Isle," is reviewed on this page

genius, but he was a great story-teller. I daresay that people will still be reading some of his stories in the nineteen-nineties.

❋

BUT they will certainly not be reading a book bearing his name which has just been published, a year or so after his death, and I, for one, feel very strongly that it ought never to have been printed at all—not, I hasten to add, on any moral grounds, but because it is lacking in all distinction whatsoever. In fact, I can hardly believe that its author ever sanctioned its publication, and I am convinced that at one period he had definitely relegated it to the bottom of his drawer.

❋

THE first half of *Mary of Marion Isle* (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.) must have been written about thirty years ago, when hansom-cabs filled the streets of London and to have socialistic ideas meant social extinction. It is the story of one Andrew West, a doctor who is heir-presumptive to a peerage which he does not want. He is in love with an ambitious woman who is, fortunately for him, ignorant of his possible future, and who turns him down in favour of another physician with money and position.

❋

AND, I admit, there are some interesting passages. In particular there is a Whitechapel landlady whose acquaintance is well worth the making. But once Dr. West has become Lord Atterton, it is fairly obvious that the author found himself in difficulties. He may have thought that after all the story was not worth the telling. He may have decided that it had been told many times before. And quite rightly he must have put it aside—one of those failures which every writer must experience at one time or another.

❋

AS the years go by, however, and one's invention does not become more active, there is often a temptation to have a look at one's unfinished experiments for a possible furbishing up. And so, I fancy, it must have been in this case. The book had been begun as a novel, and it had gone wrong. Then why not attempt to finish it as a romance? And so you have so ridiculously artificial a second half as almost to suggest that Rider Haggard was willing to write a parody of his own work.

❋

THE doctor-peer attacks the Government and is immediately rewarded by the Governor-Generalship of Oceania. He is wrecked on a desert isle, and finds there a white woman of incomparable beauty who had also been wrecked when a child. He has a nasty wife, who may or may not have been wrecked, and so the two castaways live in what the Vigilance Societies call sin, until they are rescued. And then, because Lady Atterton turns out to be still alive, the beautiful woman proposes to drown herself. She makes the attempt; but it is Lady Atterton who is conveniently drowned at the identical moment and at almost the same spot, and . . .

❋

BUT there is no need to say more. The whole thing is a tissue of absurdities, and anybody who has any respect for Rider Haggard's reputation must deplore the publication of such rubbish. It seems to me that his literary executors have been seriously at fault, unless, of course—what is almost incredible—the inventor of *She* and *Nada the Lily* and a dozen other enchanting books left definite instructions that this pitiful thing was to be printed.

(Continued on page 138)

BOOKS REVIEWED

MARY OF MARION ISLE. By Sir H. Rider Haggard. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

BELINDA: A Tale of Affection in Youth and Age. By Hilaire Belloc. (Constable: 6s.)

SEVEN MODERN COMEDIES. By Lord Dunsany. (Putnam: 5s.)

HUMOURS UNRECONCILED. A Tale of Modern Japan. By Sherard Vines. (Wishart: 7s. 6d.)

EVERYBODY'S ANECDOTES. Compiled by D. B. Knox. (Benn: 5s.)

"King George IV"

OLD SCOTCH WHISKY

The "Quality" Whisky in all overseas markets for many years.

Obtainable everywhere, at home and abroad, in one quality only—The Best.

THE DISTILLERS AGENCY LIMITED, EDINBURGH.

667 B

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*Continued from page* 136)

I TURN with relief to another experiment in fiction that is a joyous success. You will do well to ignore *Mary of Marion Isle,* but on no account miss *Belinda: A Tale of Affection in Youth and Age* (Constable: 6*s.*), by Hilaire Belloc. As you probably know, Mr. Belloc can, and does, write about everything under the sun. In the same year you may find him writing serious history (though some of the starchier critics would not always permit that epithet), satirical verse, thumping philippics, a detective story or two, Somebody's Life, and almost certainly some literary joke. An encyclopædic person, who must work about thirty hours every day of the year. (I once saw him correcting proofs at a dance, and was not surprised.)

❋

NOW *Belinda,* I suppose, must come under the heading of a literary joke; and yet this is not quite a literary joke, for it is written in such singularly polished prose that, even while you chuckle, you are lost in admiration. What Mr. Belloc has done is to write a kind of early Victorian novelette from the early Victorian point of view, and in language which many early Victorian novelists would have given their ears to possess.

❋

ALL the stock favourites are there—the wicked baronet, the poor misunderstood hero, the rich father who "arranges" for his beautiful daughter's marriage, the rascally lawyer, and the rest. But although they do all the stock things, and talk as though they were acting in some fifth-rate provincial theatre, there is something about them which is not only merely attractive, but absolutely fascinating. You can guess more or less what is going to happen, but you cannot guess any of the details; and although you may repeatedly whisper "literary joke" to yourself, you become genuinely interested. It may be that Mr. Belloc had another purpose, besides the provision of admirable entertainment, when he wrote this delicious booklet—it is all too short—but I do not think so. It probably came into his head that it would be fun to do something that he had not doné before, and fun it undoubtedly is.

Vaughan and Freeman

Miss Ursula Bloom, the authoress, whose tenth novel, "Tarnish," was due to be published by Hutchinson's last Friday. In private life Miss Bloom is the wife of Paymaster-Commander Gower Robinson, R.N.

BOOKS WORTH LISTING

SEVEN MODERN COMEDIES. By LORD DUNSANY. (Putnam: 5*s.*)—Very good reading, even for those who do not usually enjoy reading plays. The comedies really are modern, and they really are comedies. Of the seven perhaps *Atalanta in Wimbledon* and *The Raffle* are most typical of the author's whimsical humour, though *In Holy Russia,* which is not what you expect it to be, runs them close.

HUMOURS UNRECONCILED. A TALE OF MODERN JAPAN. By SHERARD VINES. (Wishart: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Excellent "highbrow" novel—I hate the word, but can think of no other at the moment—on *South Wind* lines. A little coterie of Europeans in a Japanese town behave much like Mr. Norman Douglas's folk on the Island of Nepenthe. They are certainly quite as amorous. Mr. Vines's vocabulary is alone worth seven and six. The title is much the worst thing about the book.

EVERYBODY'S ANECDOTES. Compiled by D. B. KNOX. (Benn: 5*s.*)—Yet another anthology for public speakers, who are apparently unable these days to get on without some such assistance. Divided into useful sections, i.e., "about women," "for wedding speeches," "games and sports," and "about writers and the Press," which last includes a priceless yarn called "The Footballer and Shakespeare."

R. S.

BY FRANK FORD

WIFE (*choosing frock*): "Which one do you fancy, Basil?"
BASIL (*absently*): "The one with the dark hair and brown eyes"

To the man whose evening dress must, in every detail of style, cut and fit, be faultlessly correct . . . whose every whim and fancy must be satisfied before the suit becomes acceptable . . . to him, the "New Tailoring" appeals as being an almost ideal way to buy dress clothes. It gives him, with its remarkable system of true-to-life fittings, an opportunity to make sure of *everything* before he need even consider purchase. Garments can be bought separately and matched at any time. Dress Coats, 7 gns. ; Dinner Jacket, 4½ and 6 gns. Waistcoat, 30/- ; Trousers, 45/- ; White Dress Waistcoat, 10/6 to 25/6.

YOU CHOOSE CLOTHES INSTEAD OF CLOTH

AUSTIN REED'S
of REGENT STREET

Three "New Tailoring" Centres:

107-113 Regent St. 24 Coventry St. (West) 13 Fenchurch St. (City)

Also at Glasgow, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds and Bristol

SR 329

AUSTIN REED LTD. LONDON

MOTOR NOTES

THIS TRAFFIC CHAOS—!

By E. M. WRIGHT

This fine example of the 17-50 h.p. sleeve-valve Arrol-Aster has just been purchased by the Hon. Victor Bruce Mrs. Bruce and friend are seen by the new car in their Surrey garden

I DON'T know if my readers are as interested as I am in the Gas Explosion (Nuisance Abatement) Inquiry, or whatever its official title may be. My interest springs from the fact that at the time of writing, if you have to go anywhere in that district with a car, it takes you about three times as long as usual to do it. In other words, the motorist's chief interest in London's own earthquake was the traffic congestion it caused in the surrounding areas.

***

THE difficulty of getting about in any of the City-ward parts of London is becoming a really appalling problem. When the streets are up you can write to *The Times* about it, but what are you to do when you find traffic jams increasing daily although no streets are up to account for them. We are all motorists these days, and we are all affected. If we don't take the car to Town, then we take a 'bus or a taxi at some time or another, and we all suffer from this seemingly insoluble problem. Even the pedestrian finds it harder to get about when the street is choked with traffic.

***

AS is the British way, we have joked about this business as if it did not matter. But the joke has gone a little too far, and the loss resulting from these delays is being felt more and more each year by all kinds of businesses in the City. It is pathetic to see the authorities trying remedy after remedy, such as one-way street and gyratory systems, while, when one looks to the two main causes of slow traffic movement, one sees them not merely left alone to go their own sweet way, but actually encouraged to stay there and clog the traffic. I refer, of course, to the dear old tram and to the dear old horse.

***

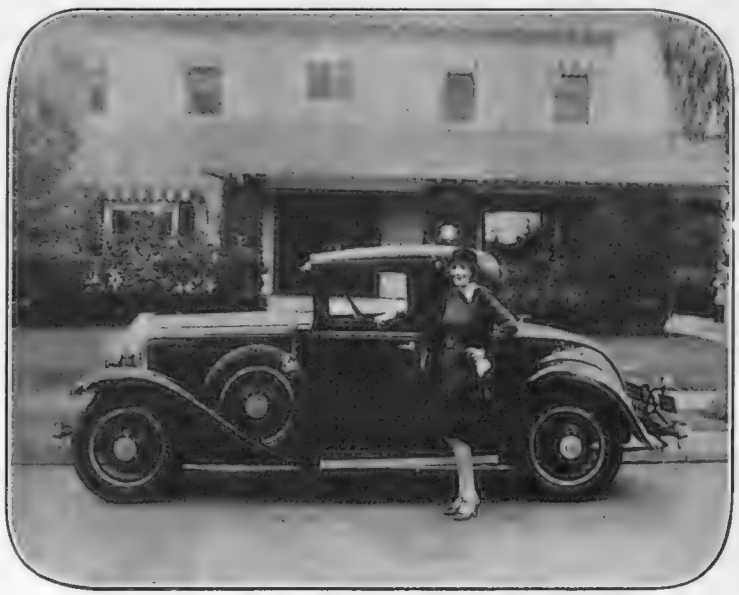
FAR from discouraging the trams, the L.C.C is planning extensions and is being backed up by the Minister of Transport, who is charged by the nation with the duty of seeing that we have the very latest thing in traffic systems. He refuses to learn the simple lesson that there is no room to-day in any sense to run railways, or play trains, in the middle of our city streets. As to the horse, Dobbin may pull his weight at the plough for many a day yet, and nothing will ever replace him on the racecourse—though I see that now in America they are trying pigs.

***

BUT in the world's greatest city is it not a little anomalous to see two horse-drawn vehicles, one going at 2½ miles an hour being overtaken by the other doing 2⅝ miles an hour, and requiring a quarter of a mile of street to complete the operation, while motor traffic is held up for a good half mile? Our Metropolitan Police simply love the horse. Although they have the power to make him keep close to his proper side, how often does one see this power used? And then they have the new lighting regulations to enforce, but such is their attitude towards the average horse-driver that in the congested City districts you may see carts long after lighting-up time that do not even carry the hollow pretence of an empty oil lamp anywhere on the vehicle, much less a set of regulation lights properly alight.

***

ONE of the most promising anti-dazzle devices I have seen recently is a woven hood of cylindrical form that can be drawn back against the reflector or extended forward beyond the bulb so as to surround it. It is called "Shad-a-Lite" and is operated by Bowden pneumatic or electrical means. The hoods can be replaced or changed as easily as changing a bulb. Dazzle is completely eliminated, even on the centre line, and lamps fitted with "Shad-a-Lite" do not dazzle when the car is topping a hill or rounding a bend. According to reports of the National Physical Laboratory, 67 per cent. of the light is available with the "Shad-a-Lite" in operation. It can be fitted to any lamp without structural alteration, and the price is 30*s*., with extra for fitting.



Very acceptable: Miss Alma Rubens, the well-known film star, with the Dodge Brothers Senior Six Sports Coupé which she has just given her mother

***

IN this connection I have received a letter from Captain L. Rothschild in which he refers to the accident at Radlett recently when two young girls were knocked down and seriously injured by a car whose driver was dazzled by the lights of another car. "There seems to be no excuse for this kind of accident," he says (and most of us will agree with him), "especially now that anti-dazzle devices are so numerous and inexpensive. Courtesy,' he continues, "cannot be enforced by law, but when discourtesy may involve serious injury, and even loss of life, I am amazed that the traditional sporting spirit of

(*Continued on page 142*)

HOW THE £'s ARE SAVED

PEOPLE wonder how such a car as the Hillman can be sold at so low a price. The reason is simple—yet profound. Hillman designers, far from forcing their own fancies on the public, *base their work entirely on what investigations have proved to be the actual wants of the motorist.*

This policy prevents the enormous waste of manufacturing unsuitable models . . . the money saved being put into cars which motorists want . . . so that the Hillman is now famous as the *ideal combination of appearance, comfort, performance and price.*

Six-light Weymann Safety Saloon, £375

OTHER MODELS FROM **£295**

Safety Tourer and Safety Saloons fitted with Triplex throughout. Safety Weymann and Segrave models with Aceter. "Straight Eight" from **£435.**

The HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO. LTD. – – COVENTRY

World Exporters: **ROOTES LTD., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1.**

HILLMAN

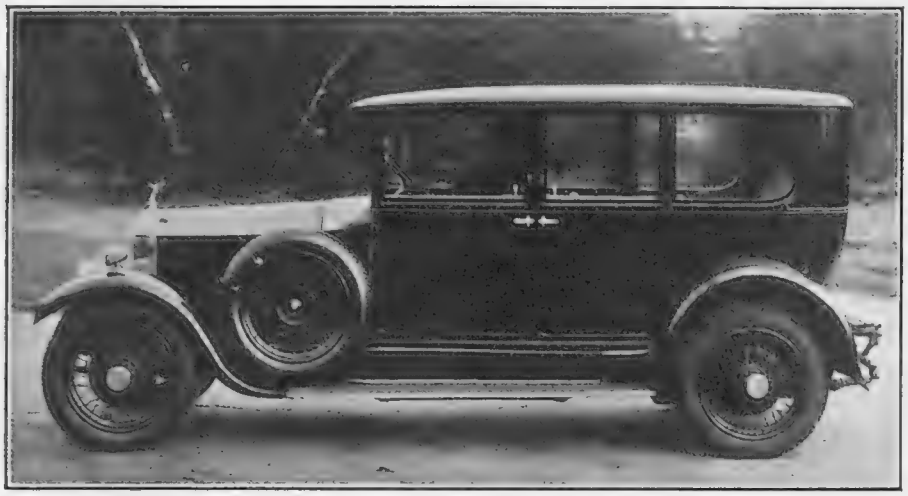
THE CAR THAT COSTS LESS THAN IT SHOULD

(Continued from page 140)

the Englishman does not more generally assert itself. Thousands of motorists are already equipped with dipping head lamps—they can now be fitted to any make of car at a very small cost—but there still remains hundreds of thousands who apparently do not think they owe any duty to the other fellow at all. If this selfish type of motorist continues to disregard the obligations of the road, public opinion will insist on Government action."

***

IN view of the great interest exhibited in the Lagonda *fête* and owners' rally held at Brooklands each summer during the past two years, it has been decided to hold the event again this year, the date arranged being Saturday, April 27. As before, a programme of races and competitions for owners of Lagonda cars will be arranged. Free admission tickets will be obtainable on application to Lagonda, Ltd., at Staines, Middlesex, or their agents.



This fine "Hooper" enclosed limousine on a 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis has just been supplied to Lord Faringdon It has "Hooper" Quick-Action signal window and is fitted throughout with Triplex safety glass

***

SINCE its introduction at Olympia 15 months ago, the 17-50 h.p. Fiat Light Six has had what may justly be called an immediate international success. Sales throughout the world have been exceptionally good, and now the factory announces that production in the past few months has exceeded estimates to a point where savings on overhead charges have justified a substantial reduction in prices, which has now been affected. The reductions amount to between £25 and £50 per model, the coachbuilt saloon, which was £425, being now £375, and the two- and five-seater open models £315 instead of £340.

***

THE quality of mercy ought to be very carefully strained when a motorist knocks down a careless pedestrian. A case occurred recently where a man stepped off the kerb directly in the path of an approaching car. The driver made every effort to avoid hitting the pedestrian, even to the extent of running into the rear of another car. The man was slightly hurt, however, and the motorist took him first to a doctor and then to his home. There he was met by the man's wife and children, who bemoaned what would happen to them whilst the man was out of work. Although in no way to blame for the accident, the motorist gave them £1, and promised to look after the family until such time as the man was able to resume his employment.

***

WITHIN a couple of weeks the motorist had received a threatening letter asking "what he was going to do about it," and three days later a solicitor's letter arrived for him accusing him of careless and negligent driving and initiating a claim for damages. It is the greatest mistake to make any payment at the time of an accident. Not only can such payment be construed into an admission of liability on the part of the driver, but it may enable his insurance company to repudiate liability should a third party claim arise at a later date. E. M. W.

BY APPOINTMENT

STRATTON-INSTONE LTD

A National Organisation for the distribution of DAIMLER CARS

Daimler

STRATTON-INSTONE LTD

27 Pall Mall, S.W. 40 Berkeley Street, W.

Brighton, Bournemouth, Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds.

BEST & MOST ENJOYABLE DRINKS FOR YOUR HOME

KIA-ORA LEMON

KIA-ORA ORANGE

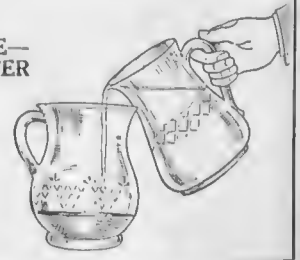
Made from

Fruit Juice and Sugar

CRUSHED FROM SELECTED FRUIT—RIPE AND FRESH FROM THE TREES

DON'T BOTHER WITH HOME-MADE SQUASHES, ESSENCES, POWDERS, IMITATIONS—*Nothing Equals Kia-Ora.*

SO ENJOYABLE—JUST ADD WATER

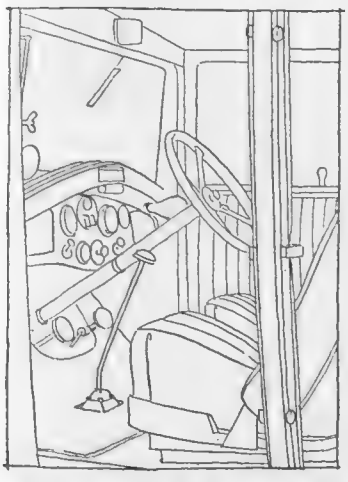


Large Bottle - 2/-
Half Bottle - 1/1
Crush in Decanters - - 2/-
Gallon Jars - 10/6
in Great Britain.

KIA-ORA, LTD., Blackfriars, London, S.E.1, and Australia.

OBTAINABLE WHEREVER THIS JOURNAL IS READ.

A remarkable example of Wolseley "6" value ~ £375



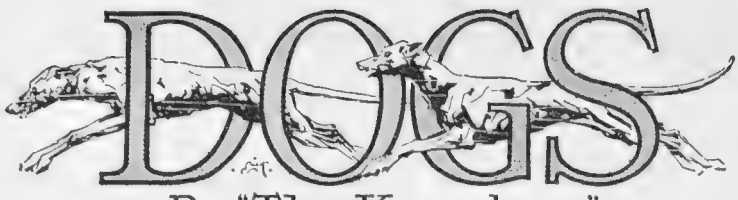
No illustration can do full justice to the handsome lines, smart equipment, and fine finish of this Wolseley 16/45 *h p. Car*— to the restrained symmetry of its perfect curves, or the exquisite match of its colour schemes. A glimpse at the interior, however, will show the extreme roominess of the rear compartment, the deep, well-upholstered seats fitted with comfortable arm rests. The remarkable area of its window space, creating a bright atmosphere and giving complete visibility to the occupants. The winding windows, easily operable. The foot rests and handy pull-up cords.

And then the driver's seat, instantly adjustable to ensure the most comfortable position to whoever is taking the wheel. The neat, well-equipped, and perfectly arranged instrument board, fitted with useful cubby holes; and the carefully arranged controls, all within handy reach. Every body detail carefully thought out in an endeavour to render the coachwork fully worthy of the wonderful "Silent Six" Chassis to which it is wedded

WOLSELEY

WOLSELEY MOTORS (1927) LTD.,
Birmingham: Ward End. London: Manor St., Chelsea.

Your local dealer will be pleased to arrange a Trial Run.



By "The Kennelman"

THE keenest Collie fanciers in the world being North-countrymen, to-day's championship Collie Show in Manchester is bound to be a notable assembly. At the other end of the string is the Pekingese Club Show fixed for to-day (Wednesday) in Marylebone. Saturday brings Shows for "Toy" Dogs—still foolishly so-called—in Derby, all Terriers in Dublin, and Bull Terriers in London; while on the 30th a National Terrier Show will be staged in Westminster.

THEN, on the 6th and 7th of next month, will come the world's biggest Dog Show: Cruft's, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, which draws the most famous dogs in the Kingdom, with fanciers from remote parts of the Empire, and from the Continent and America; a wonderful opportunity this for amateurs in quest of doggy lore.

THE Irish Kennel Club has fixed on March 17 for its 1929 Show, and it is interesting to note the proportion of English judges who will officiate. If the Green Isle has given us several of our choicest breeds—consider else the claims of the Irish Wolfhound, the Red Setter, the Irish Water Spaniel, and the Irish Terrier—none can deny that our fanciers have proved themselves worthy by the wonderful development they have brought to these varieties.

THE Dublin Show will provide no fewer than thirteen classes for Irish Terriers alone, which does not look as though that game breed were in any danger of decline, even though its outstanding merits have not yet had the attention they deserve. That the Irish Terrier is a bonny fighter nobody will deny; a Terrier should be. But it is a baseless libel to call him quarrelsome. Rightly bred and trained, he's never that; and a more loyal little beast, or one who lends himself more to training, does not exist.

OUR breeders, in all varieties, are criticised for not paying so much attention to this matter of training as our British dogs deserve; less than is given in other countries to inferior types. But the fact is they sell the most of their stock before the training stage is reached, and it really is our dog-buyers, rather than the breeders, who are given to neglect of what can and should be the most fascinating part of dog-keeping. Dogs *want* to be decent in all such matters; given a fair chance, the simplest kind of teaching suffices; and *noblesse oblige* demands that it should be given.

THIS week brings the Championship Field Trials for Spaniels at Thetford, Norfolk, and the Kennel Club announces this year's Field Trial Spring Meeting at Orwell Park, Ipswich, beginning on April 17.

THE Earl of Chesterfield, the Countess Howe, the Baroness Burton, and other members of the Dog Owners' Club have issued an open letter to the doggy public strongly urging more general support of the Club, which, though it already has over two hundred members, obviously should have very many more. Dog owners should take an early opportunity of paying a call at No. 5, Hyde Park Place (close to Marble Arch) and learning for themselves something of the exceptional attractions and advantages the club offers.

THAT excellent weekly journal *The Dog World* (now published by Watmoughs, Ltd., of Bradford, York) announces that the boom in Cairn Terriers has penetrated Buckingham Palace, and that the King's Cairn, a small, grey bitch, is "the only Dog that is allowed to live inside the Palace."

DOGS in Buxton are so ultra-sophisticated that they are becoming season ticket holders. The Corporation announce that season tickets admitting Dogs to the Municipal gardens and pavilion for the year will be half a guinea. No mention is made of a reduction for puppies, though the rate for human children is half that of the adult scale; and in the case of canine infants there might be entertainment for the public in the turnstile age tests and production of birth certificates.

What a tease! The mat, *your* shoes, then the cat—not the slightest respect for life or property! But you love him; he's the kiddies' playmate, too, and *must* be kept clean and healthy. No vermin, no skin troubles and *always* a credit to the family if you wash him periodically in

Kur-Mange

Cooper, McDougall & Robertson, Ltd., Berkhamsted.

Of all Agents. 1/6 & 2/6.

Warwick Wright Says

The Safety Stutz, with its low swung weight offers a degree of safety to its passengers and protection to the car itself never before obtained. It anticipates the inevitable demand for safer cars which must grow out of to-day's traffic conditions.

STUTZ 8

Warwick Wright, Ltd.

150 NEW BOND ST. LONDON.W1.

Mayfair 2904.

is particularly dangerous on rainy and foggy days.

Formamint will quickly cure Sore Throat and at the same time protect you against infectious diseases, such as Influenza, Scarlet Fever, Diphtheria, etc.

FORMAMINT

Wulfing Brand

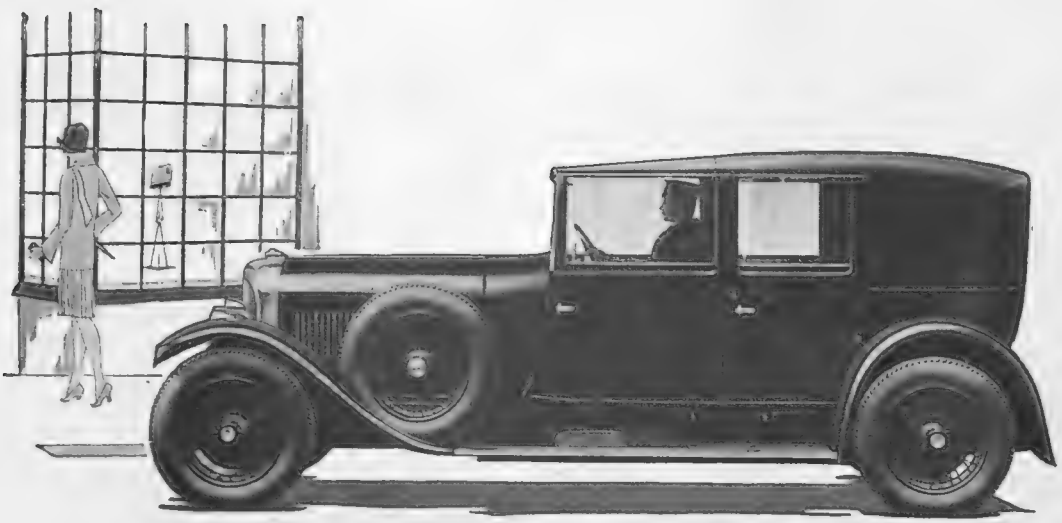
Of all Chemists—2/6 per bottle.

BENTLEY

WHO ALSO BUILD A TOWN CARRIAGE

The 6½ Litre Standard Model

Catalogue No. 27



BENTLEY MOTORS LIMITED

POLLEN HOUSE, CORK ST., LONDON, W.1

Telephone : Regent 6911. *Telegrams : "Benmotlim, Phone, London."*

Northern Sales Depot:
3, Sandyford Road,
Newcastle-on-Tyne.

World Exporters:
Rootes Ltd.,
Devonshire House,
Piccadilly, W.1.

"SAFETY FIRST" in the AIR

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

The Standard Wright Whirlwind WACO during a test flight. The pilot was Mr. Freddie Lund

Aviation as a Gamble

IN the mind of the average individual the reputation of flying as a dangerous game dies hard, and yet day after day we hear accounts of its simplicity, its reliability, and its safety. Lady Bailey returns single-handed in her "Moth" from South Africa by a new route and thinks nothing of it. The Americans take the air in the "Question Mark" and stay aloft for days and days, thereby proving once more to a sceptical world that the aeroplane and its engine are as reliable as a motor car or a ship. Fifty thousand people, more than half of whom were women, crossed the Channel by air in 1928, and in Germany "Lufthansa" carried 111,000 passengers over a distance of six and a quarter million miles.

The truth of the matter is that aviation has ceased to be a gamble with death, and has become instead just an everyday speculation on the Stock Exchange. Finance for construction and operation was provided in the early days by enthusiasts and philanthropists, but now it is being put up by the man-in-the-street, who is forgetting that flying was a risky business, and, sensing the coming boom, wants to be in on the ground floor. Already on Wall Street some of the most active shares are aircraft issues, Wright Aero and Curtiss being particular favourites. Imperial Airways were double their par value a few days ago, getting a rise after the amalgamation with Sir Alan Cobham's interests in Africa, and receiving further support on rumours of arrangements with the railway companies. When our old-established manufacturers make public issues they will be worth supporting, as their shares, with those of Imperial Airways and National Flying Services, are destined to be amongst the leading industrials of the future.

New Models for 1929

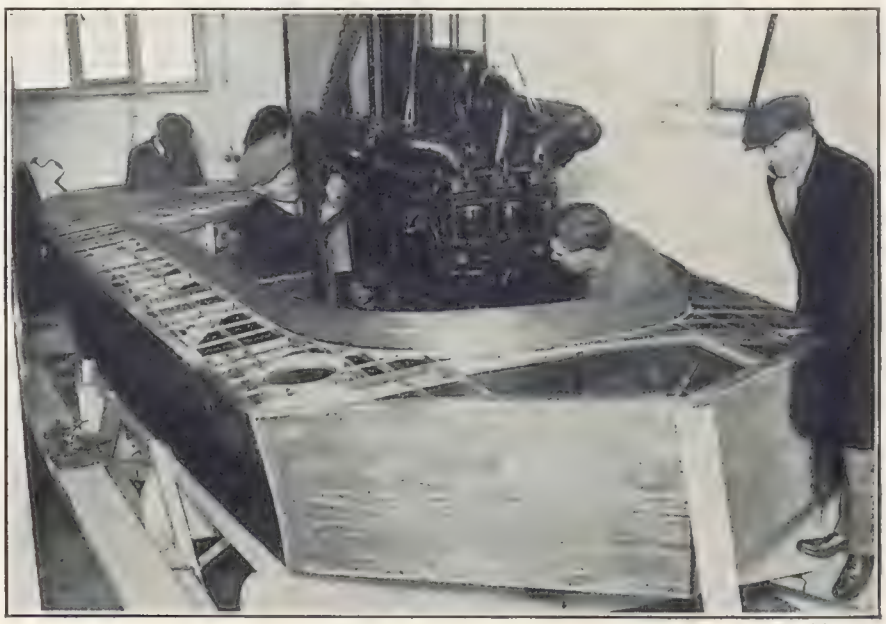
THE Gipsy engine and the Moth *coupé* being now established lines, De Havilland's have turned their attention to the Hawk Moth, which is a four-seater cabin job fitted with a new engine called the "Ghost." The Clerk of the Weather is in charge of final flight tests, and with any luck these should be completed in time for production deliveries in the Spring. In the single-seater class the Tiger Moth, with a top speed of 200, should be popular with sportsmen wanting a fast mount, whilst Col. Henderson has constructed a new machine round the A.B.C. "Scorpion" engine, which is to sell complete at about £300.

The "Bluebird" is to have an all-metal brother or sister, as the case may be, fitted with a "Genet," a "Cirrus," or a "Gipsy," as desired. There will be side-by-side seating, as usual, and as the performance is expected to equal that of other types with seats fore and aft, one may expect a change in design at no distant date on the part of other manufacturers. There is no excuse for putting the passenger or pupil way up in the nose if there is room beside the pilot, who will appreciate an occasional chat, anyway. A long-distance flight ought to be undertaken on one of the new models in order to show its paces in the Colonies.

The "Spartan" has ceased to be experimental, the first factory model being christened by the Mayoress of Southampton on the last day of the Old Year. Mr. O. E. Simmonds, M.A., the designer, and his co-director, Lieut.-Col. Strange, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., who is incidentally a pre-war pilot and one-time commandant of the Central Flying School, are to be congratulated on selling their first dozen machines before they were built.

Talking of America

THE Wright Corporation, of "Whirlwind" fame, the engine that helped Lindbergh to make history, is to manufacture the De H. "Gipsy" under licence. American light 'planes are not light in our sense of the word, belonging rather to a class of fast, high-powered two-seaters, for which there is no demand over here at present. The Sport "WACO" is a typical private owner's machine on the other side, being distinguished by its high cruising speed, its range of seven or eight hours, and its price of nearly $8,000.



Fox Photos

Workmen fitting the giant engine into Major Segrave's motor boat, Miss England, in which he hopes to wrest the world's speed record from the Americans at Miami next March. The designer, Mr. F. Cooper, is seen on the right

"Funiculi, Funicula"—As Set in Switzerland

Central Press

The funicular railway bearing its human freight of winter sports enthusiasts up the snow-clad slopes to Chantrelle. In the valley below, the hotels and pensions of St. Moritz cluster round the rinks and straggle towards the slopes, whose white harvest of snow means a golden harvest for the hôteliers of Switzerland

FURNITURE. IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE.

HIGH-CLASS MODERN AND ANTIQUE FURNITURE.

ALSO OBJECTS OF FINE ART.

THE WHOLE TO BE SOLD QUITE REGARDLESS OF ORIGINAL COST.

including many items from the following important Collections:—

Viscount Leverhulme (deceased); Pantia Ralli; the Rt. Hon. Lord Mount-Stephen, G.C.V.O. (deceased); the Rt. Hon. Lord Grantley (from Red Rice, Hants); Earl of Essex (from the Cassiobury Park Collection); the "Agnew" Collection; and many others.

ON SALE DAILY FROM 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

Any item may be selected for delivery at once to any part by motor lorries, shipped, or can remain warehoused free for 12 months. Payment when delivery required. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE (FREE).

DINING ROOM, RECEPTION ROOM AND LIBRARY FURNITURE, &c., including shaped front CHIPPENDALE DESIGN SIDEBOARD, 16 guineas; COMPLETE SET of DINING CHAIRS, including Carving Chairs, Chippendale style, 18 guineas. Extending Dining Table en suite, £7 15s. Complete Reception Room Sets with Antique style Oak Dressers, offered at the extremely low figure of 10 guineas complete.

A SPLENDID COMPLETE SET, QUEEN ANNE DESIGN, in rich figured Walnut, including buffet sideboard, extending dining table, set of six small and two carving chairs, being offered at the extremely low figure of 55 guineas for the lot. Other complete dining room sets up to 750 guineas.

DRAWING ROOM APPOINTMENTS include a very choice collection, Satinwood, Vernis Martin painted, Boule inlaid, &c. Magnificent 3-PIECE SUITE, comprising LOUNGE SETTEE and 2 LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS to match, with loose down cushion seats, and covered with rich silk, 22 guineas.

SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, SEVERAL SMALL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS offered at 37s. 6d. each. Small size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, with loose feather cushion seats, 65s. Larger size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, from £4 17s. 6d. to 12 guineas Well-made SOFTLY-SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, £3 15s. to 25 guineas.

COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES in all styles.

Magnificent sets of rich Satinwood and Silver Ash, Black and Gold Lacquer or Chinese taste. French Louis XV. lacquered and gilt, from 10 guineas up to 500 guineas.

ANTIQUE DOUBLE TALLBOY and LOW CHESTS, FINE ANTIQUE WARDROBES, Bow-front and other chests, ranging from 5 guineas.

ANTIQUE FOUR-POST CANOPY-TOP BEDS in Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Georgian, and other styles.

PIANOFORTES by eminent makers, Blüthner, Bechstein, &c., a fine tone Cottage Pianoforte being offered at 15 guineas, and a superb nearly new Baby Grand at 95 guineas.

CARPETS, TURKEY, PERSIAN, INDIAN, &c,. Fine Aubusson Tapestries, Cut Glass Silver and Plate. QUANTITY OF TABLE and BED LINEN, &c.

Large selection of library furniture, bookcases, &c.

Full-sized Billiard Table in Oak, as new complete with all accessories Billiard Dining Table, 22 guineas.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (R) FREE ON APPLICATION.

SPECIAL DEPOSITORIES FOR

Furniture, Works of Art, &c. Removals to any part of the World. Estimates free. Customers' own Goods and Effects Disposed of in our Depositories at 10 per cent. Commission, or large Quantities by Special Arrangement.

The FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, Ltd.,

PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1.

By Royal Appointment to H.M. King of Spain.

Omnibuses Nos. 144a, 43a, 143a, 143s, 4a, 19 and 30 pass the door. Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.

One Cigarette Too Many

One cigarette beyond the limit and your throat begins to assert itself—goes hot and dry and irritates. Now is the time "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles prove such a boon. In a pleasant, soothing manner they remove all irritation and your throat again becomes normal.

Try them. They are Delicious.

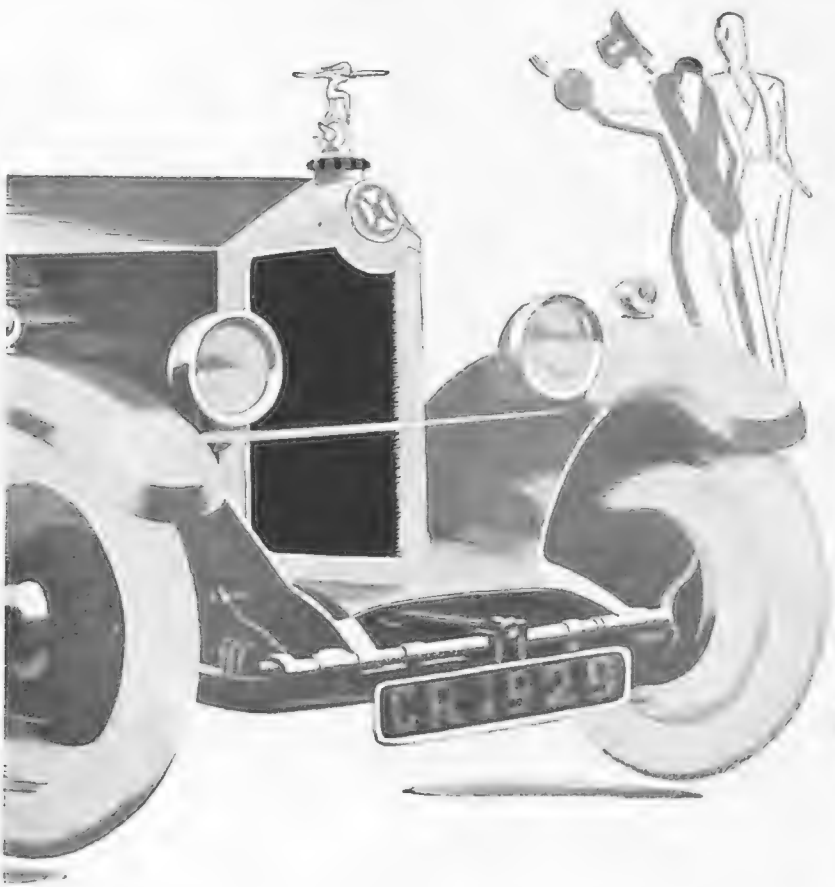
Your Chemist stocks them.

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
1 lb. - 4/3

Allenburys *Glycerine & Black Currant* PASTILLES

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3



A MUCH TALKED-OF CAR

People are giving more than a passing glance to the Crossley Six. They are noticing it, and talking about it. They are saying that never before was there such a combination of saloon comfort and racing liveliness. They are commenting, too, on the remarkably moderate price of the 15.7 Crossley Six, and some are going so far as to declare that this particular vehicle has made them revise all their previous ideas about car values.

CROSSLEY

15.7 SIX 20.9

Full details of all the 1929 Crossley models, both 15.7 and 20.9, may be obtained from Crossley Motors Ltd., Manchester. London Showrooms: 20 Conduit Street, W.1. Prices from £495

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Stockings of amazing fineness, or serviceable ones for Sports wear may be found at G. P. Yorke's

Les Parfums Viville are hauntingly fragrant, and Crème and Poudrè Viville add beauty to the complexion

A Trousseaux Hint

So many big weddings are taking place during the next week or two that great activities are afoot as regards the buying of *trousseaux*. Which accounts, in some measure, for the air of good humour and importance which characterises the delightfully "intimate" shop at 82, Grosvenor Street, bearing over its portals the words "G. P. Yorke." For, at the very least, one dozen pairs of cobwebby silk stockings are needed for evening wear, and another dozen pairs of those destined for sports and the country should have a place in every *trousseau*. Here they may be obtained in a bewildering variety and at a very moderate cost. Delicate "fishnet" hosiery, in which to dance through happy hours, is available from 12*s.* 11*d.* a pair, while fine gauge pure silk stockings, with openwork clox, may be obtained from 8*s.* 11*d.* Exceptionally heavy pure silk stockings in marled effects, with embroidered clox, cost 19*s.* 11*d.* a pair, while those of mercerised lisle for sports wear, with a small check design, are priced at 6*s.* 11*d.*

Alluring New Perfumes

Other things which are causing a sensation—albeit in a different sphere—are the creations of Les Parfums Viville, which, in addition to the captivating Cœur de l'Eté, Peony, Muguet de Mai, Chypre d'Antan, and other perfumes, include Eau de Cologne Viville, Crème Viville, Poudrè Viville, rouge, and lipsticks. Brought into being in Paris at the *ateliers* of the famous House of Viville, they are exquisite examples of the art of the French perfumer, and are now introduced to this country for the first time. The charming bottle which contains the Cœur de l'Eté perfume is shaped like an open rose, the stopper being the bee which revels in its sweetness. Crème Viville, impregnated with this haunting fragrance, preserves the delicate texture of the skin and enhances its beauty, while the superfine powder adheres lastingly and imparts to the complexion the lovely bloom of youth.

A Splendid Opportunity

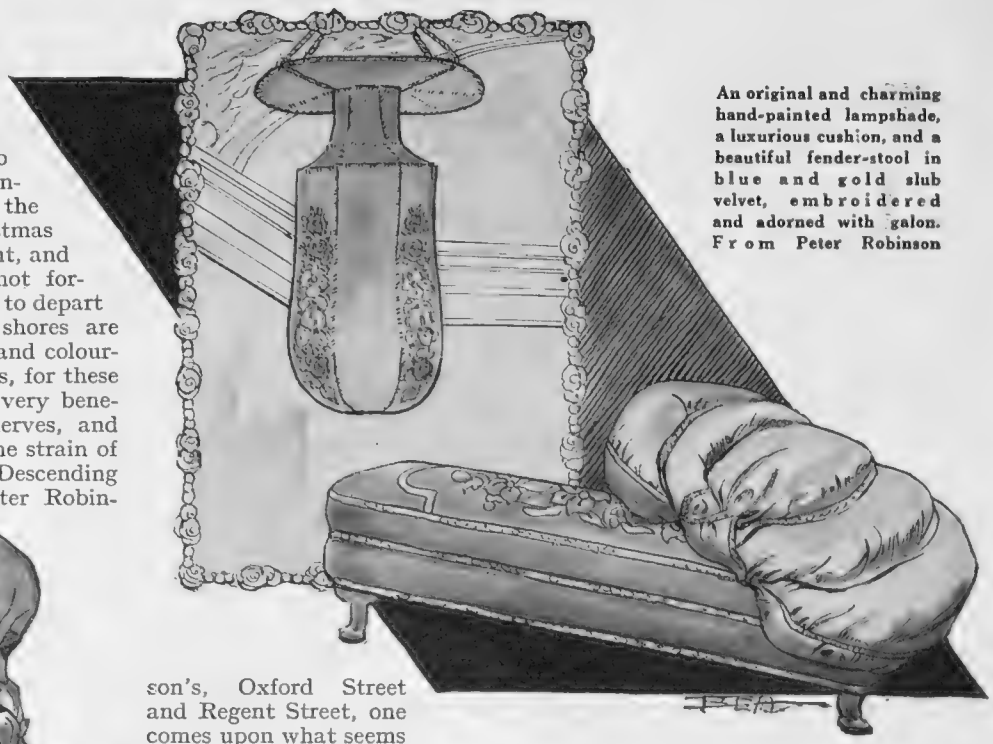
An event of great importance which takes place annually, and which never fails to cause a stir of interest, is the sale which is held by Burberrys, Haymarket, when, during the months of January and February, their famous coats and suits—for men as well as for women—are substantially reduced in price. At the foot of this page is sketched a most desirable fur-trimmed overcoat. It is included among those which, formerly ranging in price from 16 guineas to 45 guineas, are now available from 12 guineas to 33 guineas (postage 9d.). On the right is "The Burberry"; single-breasted, unbelted, and with a circular collar, the sale price is 73*s.* 6*d.* (postage 6*d.*). Garments may be obtained by post, by forwarding a cheque to cover the cost, and are exchangeable or returnable.

Burberrys are responsible for both these coats, the one a handsome fur-trimmed wrap which is absolutely irreproachable, and the other the famous and ever-useful Burberry Weatherproof

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

An Enchanted Cave

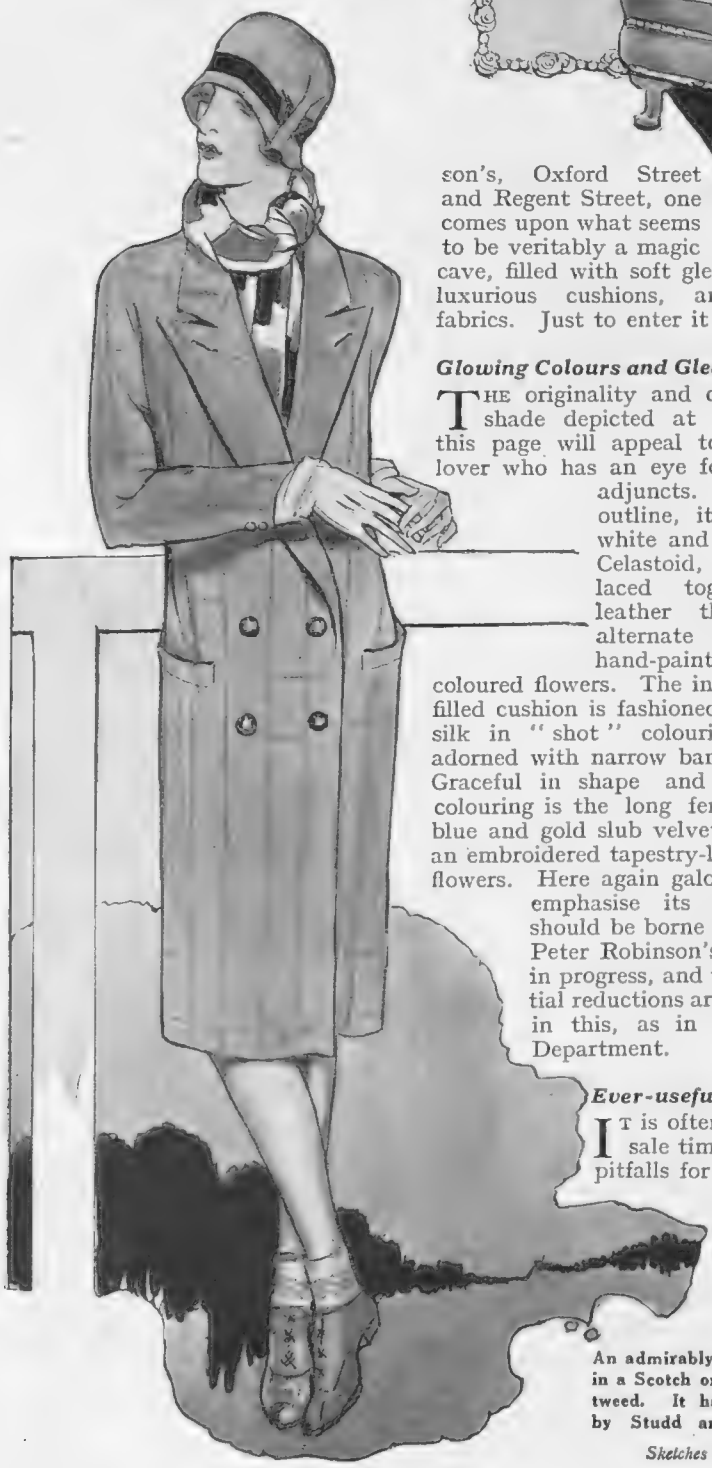
THE time has not yet arrived when spring-cleaning begins in earnest, and the house cries out for new trappings in which to welcome the glorious sunlight. Nevertheless, the aftermath of the Christmas festivities is very apparent, and those people who are not fortunate enough to be able to depart from England's chilly shores are feeling the need of new and colourful things for their rooms, for these have a stimulative and very beneficial effect upon the nerves, and can do much to lessen the strain of these trying months. Descending to the Basement at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street and Regent Street, one comes upon what seems to be veritably a magic cave, filled with soft gleaming lights, luxurious cushions, and gorgeous fabrics. Just to enter it is to rejoice.



An original and charming hand-painted lampshade, a luxurious cushion, and a beautiful fender-stool in blue and gold slub velvet, embroidered and adorned with galon. From Peter Robinson

Glowing Colours and Gleaming Lights

THE originality and charm of the shade depicted at the head of this page will appeal to the house-lover who has an eye for distinctive adjuncts. Simple in outline, it is made of white and pink shaded Celastoid, the panels laced together with leather thongs, each alternate one being hand-painted with coloured flowers. The inviting down-filled cushion is fashioned of artificial silk in "shot" colourings, and is adorned with narrow bands of galon. Graceful in shape and subdued in colouring is the long fender-stool of blue and gold slub velvet, which has an embroidered tapestry-like design of flowers. Here again galon is used to emphasise its beauty. It should be borne in mind that Peter Robinson's sale is now in progress, and that substantial reductions are being made in this, as in every other Department.



An admirably tailored coat in a Scotch or Cumberland tweed. It has been built by Studd and Millington

Sketches by Beta

Ever-useful Tweeds

IT is often stated that sale times are full of pitfalls for the unwary, and, indeed, it is true that indiscriminate buying does result in the reverse of economy, but there are many things which are absolutely indispensable, and which can be bought at most advantageous prices on these occasions. Among them are such garments as tweed coats, for, well-tailored, they date very little, and are a constant source of gratification and comfort to their owners. At Studd and Millington's, 51, Conduit Street, where the coat on this page was sketched, ready-to-wear models in Scotch and Cumberland tweeds, during the months of January, are being reduced 33⅓ per cent., ranging in price from 6 guineas, and obtainable in various sizes and shades.

A Useful Hint

THE woman who is particular about her hats will learn with pleasure that Scott's, the well-known hatters of Old Bond Street, although they are not advertising a sale, are nevertheless offering all their surplus summer and autumn models at a discount of 20 per cent. All hats so offered will be plainly marked, and will maintain the high quality with which this firm's name has always been associated.

Shopping for the South

THOSE fortunate mortals who are packing for the Riviera will be wise if they pay a visit to Robinson and Cleaver's, of Regent Street, before they go. Charming frocks for sunny days are offered there at greatly reduced prices during January, such as washing silk dresses at 94*s.* 6*d.*, and Moyna linen frocks for 29*s.* 9*d.* In the lingerie department are spun silk nightdresses, embroidered and piped with colour, at 14*s.* 11*d.* — the corresponding pyjamas being 16*s.* 11*d.*—as well as cambric cami-knickers, lace trimmed, for 2*s.* 11*d.*

Presents for Men

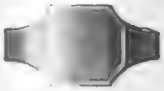
Pearl Studs,
Set of 2.
£100 0 0

Fine quality Lever Watch in Lizard Skin and Silver Case.
£5 5 0

Pearl Studs,
Set of 2.
£25 0 0

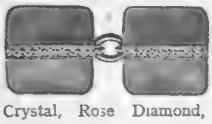
Rose Diamond Foxhead Ruby eyes, Scarf Pin.
£5 0 0

Pear shaped Pearl, White Gold Stem Scarf Pin.
From £19 0 0
according to quality.

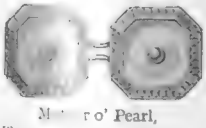


18-ct. Gold and Lapis Lazuli Signet Ring.
£5 0 0

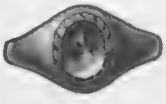
Fine quality Lever Watch on Leather Strap
Silver Case - £6 10 0
9-ct. Gold - £12 0 0
18-ct. Gold - £16 10 0



Crystal, Rose Diamond, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Links.
Per pair £16 0 0



Mother o' Pearl, Platinum and 18-ct. Gold Links.
£5 10 0 per pair.



18-ct. Gold and Sapphire Signet Ring.
£57 10 0

We shall be pleased to send an illustrated Catalogue on request.

Selections forwarded for approval at the Company's risk.

The
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. The King

112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1
(Corner of Glasshouse Street)

NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE

Within the past few months over 1,000 dentists and doctors have voluntarily testified to the excellence of Odol.

"Just a few drops of Odol in your tooth-water morning and night, and you'll know what good-health is"

SO says the dentist to his patient. He knows that bacteria of every description are drawn into the mouth and if not destroyed by some efficacious bactericide, multiply by millions and produce poisonous matter which pervades the blood, and destroys the teeth and general health.

Therefore he advises Odol, which, being a liquid dentifrice, penetrates in a unique manner the minutest cracks and crevices in and between the teeth, exercising its remarkable antiseptic and bactericidal properties upon both the mouth and the teeth for hours after use. In his opinion, liquid Odol used in conjunction with Odol Tooth Paste is his patient's surest safeguard against ill-health, occasioned by defective teeth and gums.

You will also like
ODOL
TOOTH PASTE
1/- per large tube.
Whitens the teeth in six days without damaging the enamel.

Proved the best for Mouth & Teeth

Large Flask 3/6 :: Medium Flask 2/6 :: Trial Flask 6d.

CRANBUX LIMITED OF NORWICH

Aldwych D.S. 1/29

THE GOURMET: *Conducted by EMILIA*

LUIGI OF THE EMBASSY

Bonne Femme Soup

MINCE the whites of four leeks. Add them to melted butter with a pint and a half of *consommé* and finely cubed and salted potato. Serve on thin slices of bread.

Turbot with Australian Wine

Cook the turbot in a well-buttered dish with a pint of Australian wine. Remove the turbot. Reduce the liquor and blend with butter to which some drops of lemon juice are added. Return the fish to the sauce and serve.

Fillet of Steak

Fillet of steak *sauté*. Garnish with tomatoes stuffed with a *purée* of chicken blended with cream. Serve *chasseur* sauce on the fillet of steak.

Vanilla Soufflé

Use sugar, vanilla, yolks of egg, butter, and flour. Dilute with milk. Place over the fire, withdrawing as soon as it boils. Add the whites of the eggs stiffly beaten, and cook in the oven.

Diner

OYSTERS. SOUTH AFRICAN MELON.

BONNE FEMME SOUP.

TURBOT WITH AUSTRALIAN WINE.

FILLET OF STEAK VICTORIA.
GREEN PEAS.
POTATOES WITH PARSLEY.

ROAST PHEASANT.
LETTUCE SALAD.

CANADIAN ASPARAGUS.
MOUSSELINE SAUCE.

VANILLA SOUFFLÉ.

DESSERT. SWEETS.
FRUITS. CHEESE.

TANGANYIKA COFFEE.

Menu composed by M. Luigi Naintré, Managing Director of the Embassy Club, London, with recipes by M. Capezza, Chef de Cuisine (from the book of Empire Dinners).

SOME SEASONABLE SALADS

Grape Fruit Salad

REMOVE carefully in sections, with a fruit knife, the pulp from two or three grape fruit. Wash, trim, and drain on a cloth a lettuce. Arrange the leaves of the lettuce neatly on a dish and place on the leaves the sections of grape fruit. Have ready a salad dressing, composed of three parts of olive oil, one part of lemon-juice, with salt and pepper. Mix carefully, pour over the salad, and serve.

Chicken, Macaroni and Tomato Salad

Cut into small pieces the meat from a fowl, about ½ lb. Have ready some macaroni, which has been boiled for twenty minutes in salted water. Cut it into inch lengths, and put by on a plate to cool. Make a thick Mayonnaise sauce of the yolk of an egg, oil, added a drop at a time, and, when thick, work in tarragon vinegar, salt, pepper, and a spoonful of cream. Put the chicken and macaroni in a salad-bowl, add some chopped lettuce, stir in the Mayonnaise, decorate with slices of hard-boiled egg and beetroot, and keep very cold until it is to be served. Veal treated as above makes a very good salad, if chicken is not available.

BAYLISS, JONES & BAYLISS LTD.
WOLVERHAMPTON
and
139-141 CANNON ST. LONDON. E.C.4
Catalogue Free

IRON & STEEL FENCING & GATES

Your Ancestors used it!
So should you!
BURGESS'
Essence of Anchovies.
It is The Best Fish Sauce.
Established 1760

EASTBOURNE.
QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South and directly overlooking the sea.
200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM-BEDROOMS and SUITES
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
Weekly inclusive Charges from 5 gns. upward.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP
Quickly cleans and restores the colours of soiled carpets. 9d. tall
Sample 1d. stamp.
Chivers Ltd., 40, Abbey Works, Bath.

When near Exeter get a "ROSCUT" (the finest all-wool Waterproof and Travelling Coat made for Ladies and Gentlemen) from J. & G. Ross, 227, High Street, Exeter. If unable to call, write for patterns and prices sent post free.

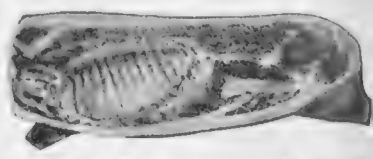
OBESITY
THYROID GLAND ANTI-FAT PILLS quickly remove all superfluous adipose tissue accumulated in the cells of the system, bringing stout men or women to their normal weight at the same time giving vigour, new life, vitality, strength, and nerve force. This standardised treatment, double strength (sufficient for four weeks), sent on receipt of 10/- post free. Only obtainable from—
MARTIN, Herbalist, 10, Welford Rd. Leicester (Box 93).

Why go Grey?
HINDES' HAIR TINT

tint grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown, or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease and does not turn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical Certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 or direct—
HINDES, Ltd., 60, Parker Street, Kingsway, London.

ROWLAND'S
is an absolute necessity for the HAIR
MACASSAR OIL

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes. Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London.



BUY BRITISH BACON
Great Britain spends Millions sterling annually on Bacon from abroad. Buy our prize-medal English. Perfect quality. Smoked or white-dried. Sides averaging 56/65 lbs. 1/2 per lb. Half-sides (shoulder-end) 1/1½ per lb. Half-sides (gammon end) 1/4½ per lb. All rail paid.
E. Miles & Co., English Bacon Curers, Bristol.

"YOU WANT A YOUNGER"—(TEAM)

TO keep you at your fittest and best—ready to "play the game" in a winning mood—there's nothing to equal a discreet glass of that glorious brew of pure malt and hops,

Now that we've beat you, Kangaroo,
The secret I'll be telling you—
WE won with Young'uns, every time,
YOU played a team that's past its prime—
"You want a Younger!"

William Younger's Scotch Ale

Brewed in Edinburgh

Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough and Belfast.

"Standard" Sports.

Curling

Known as the "roarin' game," this pastime brings out human nature in its natural colours. Peasant and peer, dominie and gamekeeper, doctor and parson—all meet on a common plane and for the moment are of equal station.

So is it with life. All are of equal station in this respect, for to all death must come sooner or later. What about your dependants should death come to-morrow? Have you so made provision that they would be enabled to continue in their present station? If not, you will be interested in the

"FAMILY PROVISION POLICIES"
issued by
THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

These are low rate non-profit policies providing the maximum cover for the minimum cost.

Write for explanatory booklet "Y.1" to

The STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

LONDON 46 QUEEN VICTORIA ST. E.C.4 15a PALL MALL S.W.1
ESTABLISHED 1825
DUBLIN 59 DAWSON STREET
HEAD OFFICE - 3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

Mayflowa Evening Shoes

ONE OF MANY STYLES

No. 0599. Silver Brocade with silk foundation to allow of dyeing to any desired shade. Dyeing 2/6 extra. **19/9** Postage 6d.

Write for Illustrated Brochure.

Abbott's

FOUR CONVENIENT ADDRESSES

524, OXFORD STREET (Next to D. H. Evans)
255, OXFORD STREET (Next to Jays)
52, REGENT STREET (Opposite Piccadilly Hotel)
44, PICCADILLY CIRCUS (Next to the Monico)

THE EDITOR'S BOX

An Authoritative Pronouncement

Once again in the feminine world controversy is raging around the question of the length of the hair, only the burning question now is not "Shall I have it cut?" but "Shall I let it grow?" Monsieur Georges, whose splendidly equipped *salons* at 40, Buckingham Palace Road are so well known to women who pride themselves on having irreproachable *coiffures*, says quite emphatically that the time has not yet arrived when long hair will be regarded with favour, and he is particularly well qualified to pronounce a verdict, for, in addition to the weight which his own word always carries, he is propounding the edict of the Master Hairdressers, whose International Convention he has just been attending in Paris. Short hair shall remain, they say, but it must be loosely arranged and most skilfully cut, revealing the shape of the head if it be naturally lovely, and otherwise disguising defects so that a perfect outline is ultimately achieved.

The softer style of hairdressing which is now prevalent is here most artistically illustrated by Monsieur Georges, whose Salons are at 40, Buckingham Palace Road. The cluster of soft curls and the youthful-looking waves are infinitely becoming

The Art of the Coiffeur

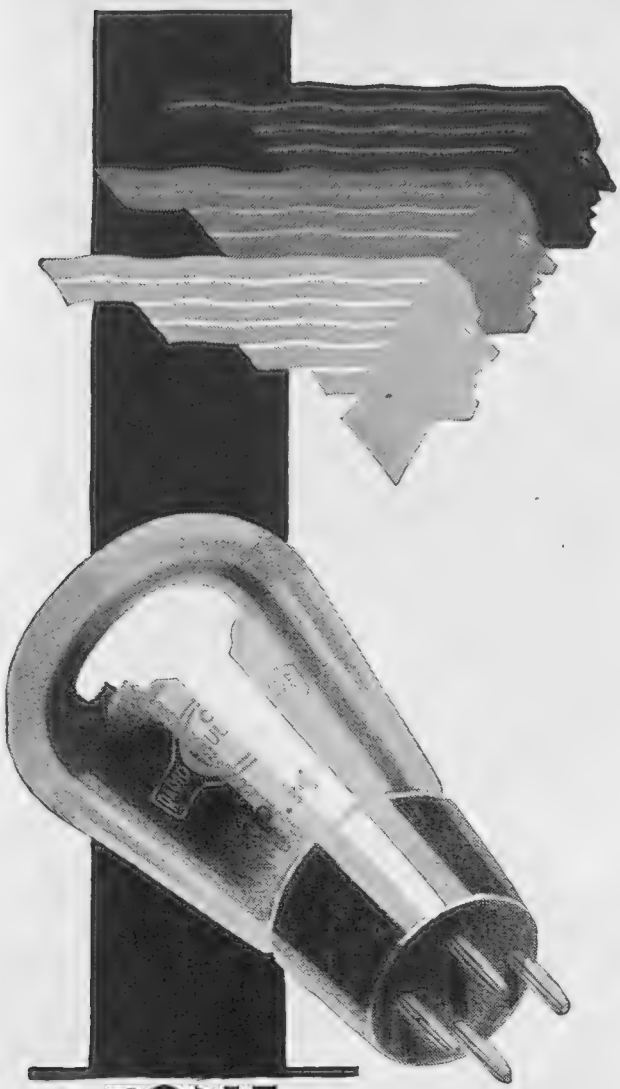
The new hairdressing styles are infinitely becoming, with their deep, informal-looking waves and small, clustering curls, and they are very convenient. It makes no difference whether one's hair is luxurious, or whether it leaves much to be desired—Monsieur Georges will dress it to the best possible advantage. He is an artist where permanent waving is concerned, and he will do the whole head for the very moderate sum of four guineas. The "La Naturelle" transformations which are created at this house enjoy a world-wide reputation and are veritable triumphs. A special feature is the absolutely natural parting, which may be made large or small, at the side, or in the centre, giving the impression of a wealth of natural hair actually growing from the scalp. It may be combed and dressed in exactly the same manner as one's own hair. The principles of "La Naturelle" are also adapted to the making of shingled wigs, and by their means perfect fit, absolute comfort, and the impossibility of detection are assured. A full transformation costs £12 12*s.*, and a shingled wig is available from £18 18*s.* A most useful *postiche* which is invaluable when very feminine frocks are worn in the evening costs only £2 12*s.* 6*d.* The "Times" system of payment by instalments has been adopted to meet the wishes of clients and to add to their convenience.

Miss M. V. Broom in the novel costume which she wore at the Chelsea Arts Ball. It represents the famous perfume "Ashes of Roses"

An Attractive Book

The Agenda for 1929 of the Paris Lyon Mediterranée is a most attractive volume, containing a great amount of information, while the illustrations in colour are very decorative, and full of the vivid colour of the beauty spots that this famous railway embraces. Copies of this Agenda are on sale at the London office of the P.L.M. at 179, Piccadilly, W.1, at 2*s.* each, or they will be sent post free at 2*s.* 9*d.* each.

Subscription Rates will be found on ii *of cover*



TONE
VOLUME
DISTANCE

The basis of each and every Mullard Valve is the same—the wonderful Mullard P.M. Filament. They are easy to buy. Every radio dealer sells them.

Mullard
THE · MASTER · VALVE

ADVT. THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO., LTD. MULLARD HOUSE, DENMARK STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

LAST Week of
WOOLLANDS
Quality Sale

Further amazing Price Reductions in Finest Quality Goods.

Sports 69/6

Tweed Cardigan Coat and Skirt, with Scarf Collar, can be worn as desired. An All Round Belt passes through the pocket. The Skirt has ample fullness to allow for Golf, etc. Small and large sizes. State shading required when ordering Sports Suit. Fawns, Browns, Heather or Blue

Country Skirt 21/-

Smart Skirt for Golf and General Country Wear in variety of fancy Woven Tweeds.

Sizes:

W.	26	27	28	30
L.	25	27	29	30

Knightsbridge £5 0 0

For early Spring Wear and warmer days this perfectly tailored Suit is designed in Suitings and Saxony Cloths, Coat lined Crêpe de Chine. The Skirt is cut to waist with trouser pleats which prevent any sagging at the back. Shadings of Brown, Heather, Grey, Navy and Black. Small and large sizes.

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

THE FOOD FOR FLESH, BONE & MUSCLE

SMILER

When a mother cannot feed her child as she naturally desires, there are many so-called alternatives. But it is highly important to find the right one without delay or experiment.

The fact therefore that "Cow and Gate" has been consistently prescribed by the medical profession for over a quarter of a century, is conclusive evidence of the sterling qualities of the product. Digestive power and general conditions may vary; but "Cow and Gate" is always taken readily and assimilated with perfect ease. Even when a child has been enfeebled by unsuitable methods, COW AND GATE Half Cream quickly recovers the lost ground, and all further anxiety is removed.

Produced in the West Country from England's richest milk by the process which preserves all the Vitamins and ensures perfect nourishment and sturdy growth.

Cow & Gate Milk Food

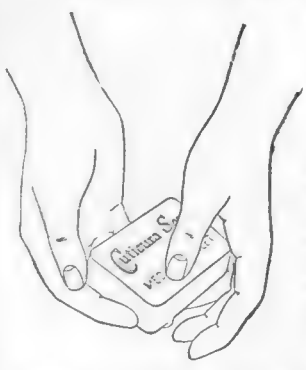
Of all Chemists, 1/6, 2/9, 7/9 per Tin.

HALF CREAM 2/6 per Tin.

BABIES LOVE IT!

Babies with impaired digestion should be put on "Cow and Gate" Half Cream (Blue Tin) till restored to normal condition.

Dept. A69,
COW & GATE
HOUSE,
GUILDFORD,
SURREY.



Your Hands Need Cuticura Soap

Every day to keep them soft and smooth. Bathe with either hot or cold water and always dry thoroughly. If chapped, red or rough use hot water and Cuticura Soap, rubbing in Cuticura Ointment after drying, especially at night.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

"I must go to Crufts!"

NICE. THE PALACE HOTEL.
A First-class Family Hotel. Reasonable Terms. Central and Quiet.
W. MEYER, *Proprietor.*

NICE HOTEL REGINA
RESIDENCE OF LATE QUEEN VICTORIA.
Luxury. Comfort. Refinement. 300 rooms with complete bathroom.

ST. RAPHAEL—HOTEL BEAU-RIVAGE
The best situation on Sea Front.
Large Garden. Renowned Restaurant. Bar. Grill-Room. Open All Year.

ST. RAPHAEL, VALESCURE. Le Grand Hotel
Splendid situation in large grounds. Moderate Prices. All comforts.
R. M. COUTTET, Propr.

BOULOURIS ST. RAPHAEL
HOTEL MIRAMAR
Facing Sea. Private Park 300 Acres. Motor-Bus Service to St Raphael.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres, 58, Avenue de Keyser. The most modern and the best clientèle.

EGYPT.

Cairo. — National Hotel. The leading family Hotel, with modern comfort and moderate charges.

FRANCE.

Arles (B. du R.).—Grand Hotel du Nord-Pinus. Place du Forum. Remains of Roman Forum. First Class.

Biarritz.—Terrasse Hotel, Port vieux, Côte des Basques All comfort; garage; rooms with baths. Out season terms from Frs. 30. Season from Frs. 60.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais. Highest class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. 'Phone ev. rm. V. lge garden.

Cannes. — Hotel Atlantide. Close Sea. Near train to Golf and Polo. Large Garden. English Clientele. Mod. Terms.

Hyères.—Continental. Elevated. Fine sea view. Large park. Most comfortable. Inclusive terms from Fs. 45.

Hyères.—Grimm's Park Hotel. All comfort. Beautiful Gardens. Restaurant. Bar. Orchestra. Tennis. Moderate. Open all year.

Hyères-la-Plage. Plage Hotel. Outside terrace on the sea. Modern comfort and moderate prices

Juan-les-Pins.—Hotel Hermitage. All comfort. Sunny sit. Best cook. Garage. Garden. Mod. terms.

Marseilles.—Grand Hotel de Geneve. Restaurant overlooking View and Port. Moderate terms. Every comfort.

Marseilles.—Hotel Louvre et Paix. The leading Hotel with every comfort. On Canebière. Motor-bus meets trains and boats.

Ste-Maxime (Var.)—Grand Hotel. Overlooking Bay of St. Tropez. 100 Rooms. Tennis. Garage.

Menton.—Hotel des Iles Britanniques. Central. Large Park. Tennis. Splendid View. Renowned Cuisine.

Menton.—Hotel de Venise. World-renowned 200 rooms, 100 baths. In own park. Central. Sunny.

Menton.—Winter Palace. The rendezvous of all the smartest society. 300 Rooms—200 Baths.

Monte Carlo (Monaco).—Grand Hotel des Etrangers. Makes you feel at home. Rooms from Frs 25. Pension from Frs. 60, incl. tax.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles. The Best of the First-class Hotels. Large Garden. Marcel Rey, Propr.

Monte Carlo—Hotel Terminus. Open all year. Terms from Frs. 60. Rebuilt 1928, all comfort, 100 rooms, bath and phone. Close Casino, Sea.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Windsor. The high-class English Family Hotel. A home away from home.

Nice—Hotel Suisse. Facing sea. Open all year. Inclusive terms from 80 francs.

Peira-Cava (A.M.).—Hotel Bellevue-Victoria. The best Hotel. Winter Sports. Homelike and every comfort.

PARIS.

The Commodore. 12 Bd. Haussmann, Step. fr. Opera. Bright, cheerful. 250 rms. 250 bhs. Ex. restaurant. Gen. Man. J. C. Hubert, ex. Troc.

Hotel Lincoln. 24, Rue Bayard (8eme), Rond Point des Champs-Elysées, 50 rooms, all with bath, w.c., telephone.

Hotel Lutetia. The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Hotel St. Petersbourg. 33/35 Rue Caumartin. Brit. fam. hotel. Every mod. com. Same house. Hotel des Balances, Lucerne.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bad-Hotel "Zum Hirsch." Special thermal establishment. A home of the best kind. Pension from 11 to 15 marks.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock. Estab. Fam. Htl. 280 beds. Medical bath dpt. in house. Golf, Tennis, etc. Prop. Th. Stotter.

ITALY.

Merano.— Park Hotel. Quiet and Distinguished. 180 Beds. 50 Bathrooms. Owner: H. Panzer.

Naples.—Grand Hotel Vesuve. First class, on the sea front. Branch House—Grand Hotel Vittoria, Sorrento.

Naples.—Parker's Hotel. A first-rate hostelry in an unsurpassed setting on the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Excellent situation overlooking bay, city, and Vesuvius.

Rapallo.—Excelsior & New Casino. Strictly 1st Class Sit. in ideal spot on Riviera. Winter and Spring resort. Summer bathing season.

Rome.—Palace Hotel. Situated in the smart Ludovisi quarter, opposite the Queen-Mother's Palace, luxury and comfort.

Rome.—Victoria Hotel. Ludovisi qrtr. Opp. Borghese gdns. Quiet & sunny. Front rms. only Running wtr. thr't. Pen. from Liras 45.

Rome.—Lady rec. guests in pte. flat. Best qrtr. Modern conv. From 3 gs. wkly. incl. Write Battisti, 54, Beechwood Av., Kew.

Sunny San Remo.—The Royal. Illustrated Folder free on request.
M. Bertolini, Proprietor.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—Grand Hotel de la Paix, facing lake, up to date. Now one of the best and nicest Hotels in Switzerland. J. Baehl.

GREATLY REDUCED

WALPOLES
WALPOLE BROTHERS (LONDON) LTD.
89-90, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
108-110, KENSINGTON HIGH STREET, LONDON, W.8
175-176, SLOANE ST., LONDON, S.W.1
Established 1766

Now Proceeding
Great Winter
SALE
of Charming
FROCKS AND OVERBLOUSES
Real Bargains

BR29

BR29

USEFUL MORNING FROCK in fine quality cloth. A most pleasing relief is created by collar and strapping in check to tone. In Mulberry, Green, Brown.
SALE PRICE **39/6**
Post Free British Isles.

Inspection is cordially invited. If unable to call, please write for illustrated SALE BOOK. It will be sent post free.

WE PAY CARRIAGE & C.O.D. FEES within the British Isles

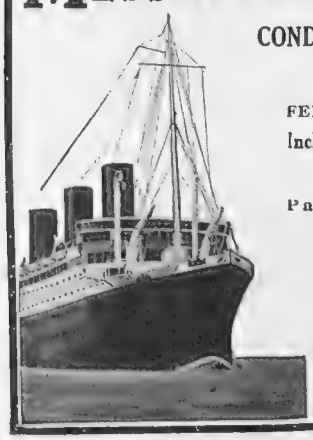
"The Queen of Quilts"
McLintock
PIONEER IN THE MAKING OF
DOWN QUILTS
EST. 1860

A guaranteed McLintock PURIFIED DOWN QUILT
MADE IN ENGLAND AT BARNSLEY

Exquisite Downproof Covers—filled with the Purest Down!

Obtainable from Leading Drapery and Furnishing Stores
Manufactured by
McLINTOCK & SONS, LTD., BARNSLEY & LONDON
THIS LABEL GUARANTEES THE QUALITY

MESSAGERIES MARITIMES



CONDUCTED MEDITERRANEAN TOURS
Leaving Marseilles
JANUARY 22, 29;
FEBRUARY 5, 19, 26; MARCH 5, 19, 26.
Inclusive Fare: LONDON back to LONDON
£74 to £192

Passenger and Cargo Services to
EGYPT, SYRIA, CEYLON
STRAITS, FAR EAST,
EAST AFRICA, MAURITIUS
and AUSTRALIA, etc

LONDON HEAD OFFICE:
72/75 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3.
SUB-AGENCY: 62, Pall Mall, S.W.1
and all PASSENGER
and TOURIST AGENTS.

Kenneth Durward Ltd

Annual Sale of all Models

Speciality for this week:

Rugger Coats .. £2 12 6
usual price £3 13 6

Harris Tweed Overcoats £5 5 0
usual price 9 Gns.

By Appointment

37, CONDUIT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM (Charing Cross.) Twice Daily 2.30 and 7.45. ('Phone: Gerrard 7540.) Week commencing January 14th. WILLY PANTZER & CO.; OLGA LINDO with ION SWINLEY; ARNAUT BROS.; GLADDY SEWELL; TERRIER RACING; DICK and EDITH BARSTOW, etc.

FEBRUARY-MARCH SKIERS

WHEN IT THAWS ELSEWHERE TRY

MALOJA PALACE ENGADINE, MURREN PALACE OBERLAND

AGAY (Var)

HOTEL des ROCHES ROUGES

ALL MODERN COMFORT. OPEN SUMMER AND WINTER.

BEDFORD HOTEL

BEAULIEU-s.-MER. *Full South. On the Sea.*

Between Nice and Monte Carlo. :: Latest Comfort. :: Suites and Rooms with Pension.

TENNIS - GARAGE - PARK 3 ACRES - CASINO.

BIARRITZ. GRAND HOTEL & BELLEVUE PALACE.

Matchless situation on sea front. Between the two Casinos and most Central. Grand Restaurant facing the sea—Grill Room—Famous Bar Basque.

BIARRITZ. HOTEL EDOUARD VII.

Sea view. Near Casino. Modern. Moderate Terms.

M. TIPHAINE, Manager.

BIARRITZ. HOTEL REGINA & DU GOLF

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OVERLOOKING GOLF AND SEA—THE SUNNIEST IN WINTER. SPECIAL WINTER TERMS.

M. CURVEUR, Manager.

CANNES (Le Cannet). HOTEL ASTORIA.

Suites with Baths. Motor, Bus and Trams. Splendid View.

CANNES—HOTEL GONNET

On the Croisette near Casino and Tennis Courts.

CANNES (A.M.)

CANNES. HOTEL GRAY & ALBION

Quite Central. On Croisette. Family Hotel.

CANNES HOTEL MONDIAL

Quite new with all latest comfort.

Telephone in every room. : : Near Casino and Station.

BASQUE COAST. GUÉTHARY

Family resort. Between Biarritz and Saint Jean de Luz. Many Hotels. Great comfort. Villas. Free information: Syndicat d'Initiative.

Recommended Hotels and Boarding Houses:—

Eskualduna	50	bedrooms	Thalassa	25	bedrooms
Guétharia	60	,,	Azères	30	,,
Gurutzia	25	,,	Cazabon	30	,,
Itsasoan	50	,,	Lamikenia	30	,,
Juzan	40	,,	Ilargi Churi	15	,,
			Bichta Eder	25	,,

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free.)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

The First Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER. SOLELY devoted BOTH to TREATMENT and to RESEARCH.

AN URGENT APPEAL IS MADE FOR **£150,000** for building extensions, the first part of which will be wards for middle-income Patients who can contribute towards their cost, AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand, W.C. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, *Secretary.*

HYÈRES HOTEL DES AMBASSADEURS

Full South. Garden. Lovely view. Rooms with bath. Car to Golf. Moderate Terms.

HYÈRES HOTEL DES ILES D'OR AND GRAND HOTEL

120 Bedrooms and Salons. 30 Apartments with Baths.

Tennis. Golf. Garage. Orchestra.

ST. JEAN DE LUZ—HOTEL d'ANGLETERRE

Most Central. Radically Re-constructed.

50 New Bathrooms. Pension Fs. 80–120 daily.

ST. JEAN DE LUZ. HOTEL MODERN

Splendidly situated in centre of the Bay. Every Comfort. Moderate.

JUAN-les-PINS. GRAND HOTEL METROPOLE & COURBET.

80 rooms. 50 private baths. 1st-class Family Hotel. 80 yards from Beach.

Full South. Moderate terms. E. & L. ROLANDAIS.

On your way to the RIVIERA, break your journey at

SPLENDIDE HOTEL Marseilles

The rendezvous of the élite. Restaurant. Nearest to the Station in a quiet position.

KNOCKE-ZOUTE. THE GOLF HOTEL

(BELGIUM)

The Only Golfer's House During Winter.

MENTON. HOTELS BRITANNIA AND BEAU SITE.

THE ENGLISH RESIDENTIAL HOTELS.

Facing Sea. — Large Garden. — 140 Rooms. — 30 Baths.

MENTON

Entirely Renovated. 80 Rooms, 50 Suites. Centre Sea Front. HOTEL DE MENTON and DU MIDI

Famous Restaurant open to End of May.

Tel. address: Mentonmidi. Man. Prop.: G. de Smit.

Monte Carlo—THE MIRABEAU

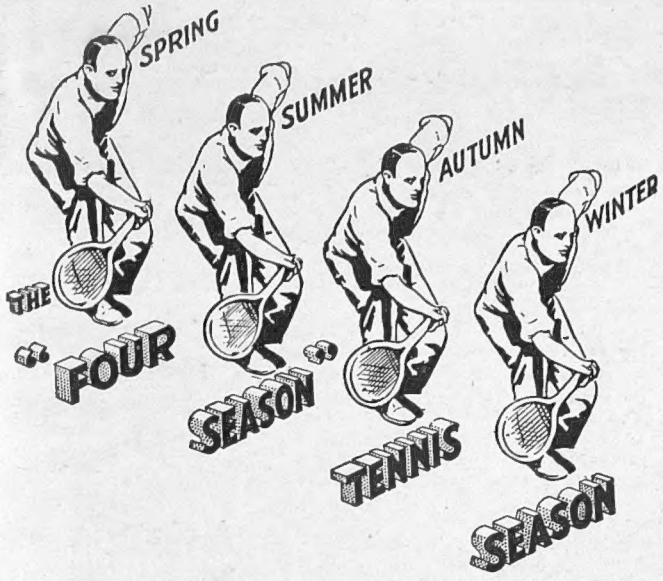
Unrivalled situation facing Sea and Casino. Up to date. Open all year.

F. SCHIPPER, *Man. Prop.*

NICE—GD. HOTEL DU MONT-BORON.

Unique situation overlooking the Baie des Anges.

Every comfort. Noted restaurant. Motor service to Place Masséna.



YOUR Tennis season need not be confined to the Summer months. Gazes All Weather Hard Courts, both red and green, present a true resilent surface from January to December. They have been adopted by many famous clubs and are recommended by Davis Cup players.

Write now for full details and free Brochure.

GAZES ALL WEATHER HARD COURTS

W. H. GAZE & SONS, LTD.,
22, The Gazeway, Kingston-on-Thames.

LIGHTING HEATING COOKING

"SILVERLITE" supplies *all* the advantages and convenience of both electricity and coal gas, with *none* of their disadvantages, and at a much lower cost.

"SILVERLITE" is a perfected Petrol Gas. It gives a soft light, more brilliant than electric, is ideal for cooking and heating, and is produced at 1s. 9d. per 1,000 feet.

THE GENERATOR is self-controlled, stops and starts automatically, works silently, without odour, and is so simple that it can be looked after by a maid.

"SILVERLITE" is the *only* Generator using motor spirit without waste. 50 per cent. proved lower running costs where it has replaced several hundred Petrol Gas Generators of other makes.

Write now for the book on

SILVERLITE

THE HOME GAS PRODUCER WITH THE SILENT BURNER

CENTRAL HEATING AND PUMPING INSTALLATIONS CARRIED OUT.

Silverlite Generators for Cooking and Heating ***(Electrically Driven)*** *a speciality.*

LIGHTING EXPERTS
SPENSERS
6 B, London St:
(Opposite Paddington Stn)
LONDON.W.2
and at
EDINBURGH

SPENSERS (London), Ltd.,

DESIGNERS and makers of Lighting Fittings. Fitted with Switch Taps (for automatic lighting) without extra cost.

The British Pioneers of Petrol Gas.

MONEY WON'T BUY HEALTH
DRINK MORE WATER
BERKEFELD FILTER BRITISH

The standard of perfect water filtration. A necessity in every home. A real safeguard against water impurities.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

Sardinia House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

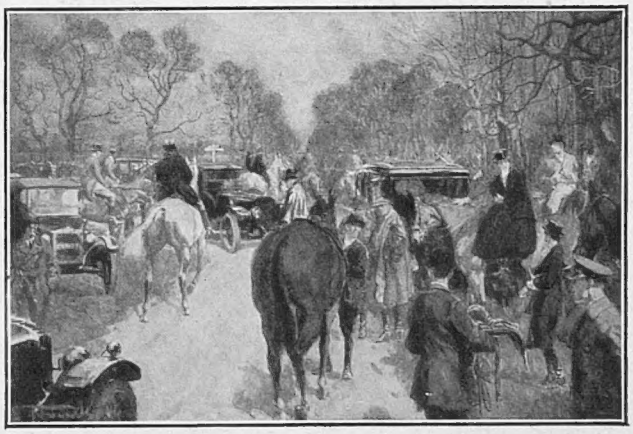
HALFORD'S CURRY POWDER
TRADE MARK
MAKES DELIGHTFUL & DIGESTIBLE DISHES.

OWNERS desirous of disposing of Valuable Old Pictures and important Works of Art should consult the well known firm of DUNBARS, who undertake the sale (by private negotiation only) of Old Masters, and other Works of Art of exceptional interest. Excellent prices are obtainable from the leading Collectors and Art Buyers of Europe and America.

DUNBARS, 43 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Private Agents for the sale of Old Masters and Works of Art.

THE QUORN
AT SHOBY CROSS-ROADS.



Actual size of print 14½ inches by 9¾ inches.

A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY

LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY. There are two editions, as follows:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) **£3 . 3 . 0**
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) **£1 . 11 . 6**

ORDERS WILL BE EXECUTED STRICTLY IN ROTATION

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (inland postage 1/- extra) from

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

Wave AND Curl
Hindes Hair Wavers
Shingled Hair

GOLF SUITS
from **5** GUINEAS

Patterns and Self-measurement forms on application.

FREDK. POOLE & CO.
New Address: 20, REGENT ARCADE
(Near Oxford Circus).
Formerly of 219, Oxford Street.

Does it mean flu?

Let us hope it's only a passing disturbance. But no man ought to let himself run the risk of 'flu. It isn't fair to his own health, and it isn't fair to all the people who can catch it from him. The finest preventive in the world is a tablespoonful of Sanitas Fluid in half a tumbler of water as a gargle every morning and evening. Could anything be easier? Certainly nothing could be more effective.

And if it *does* mean 'flu, shake it off—don't pass it on. The same prescription holds good—gargle Sanitas Fluid night and morning.

SANITAS FLUID

San 169—96

This Offer

CANNOT BE REPEATED

To introduce the superfine qualities of "Wellsaline" "Improved Process" Motor Oil to a further 1,000 motorists, we are supplying 1,000 5-Gallon Drums at bulk rates, 5/- per gallon—which is less than you pay for ordinary oil. Put up in a strong Drum (without the usual messy plug and tap) and the Oil Pump illustrated presented FREE with first order. This pump usually sells for 7/-. Do not miss this opportunity, it cannot be repeated. Send your Order with remittance to MATTHEW WELLS & CO., LTD., Dept. H., "Wellsaline" Oil Works, MANCHESTER, or order through your usual Garage, stating make, H.P. and date of Car.

London Office: 117, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

STANDARD GRADES 25/-
SUPER-LUXE GRADES 27/6

Please send for a copy of new Booklet, "Wellsaline Wisdom."

By Appointment

★ **THIS PUMP FREE with first order**

5 Gall. Drum for 25/- *Carriage Paid*

Wellsaline

Improved Process
MOTOR OIL
Free from Wax—cannot gum up

H.P.

GEORGE V
CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES

NEWEST HOTEL DE LUXE
THE PERFECTION OF
THE MODERN FRENCH
DECORATIVE ART
COMBINING BEAUTY,
QUIET, COMFORT

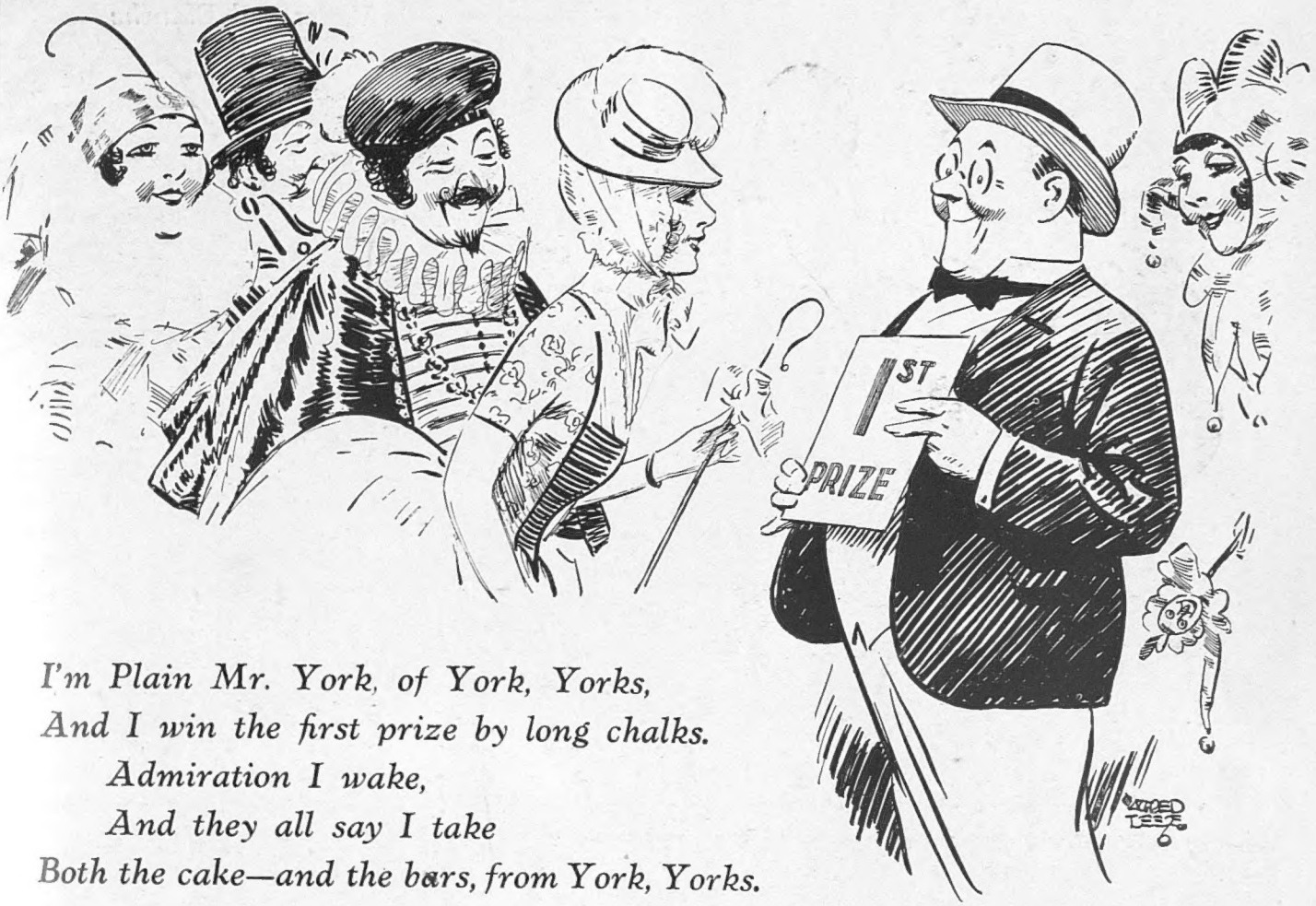
SELECT PATRONAGE INVITED

TARIFF NO HIGHER THAN HOTELS OF THIS CLASS

31 AVENUE GEORGE V. PARIS
TELEGRAMS: GEORGEOTEL. PARIS

dorland paris

1st PRIZE at the "PLAIN DRESS" BALL.



I'm Plain Mr. York, of York, Yorks,
And I win the first prize by long chalks.
Admiration I wake,
And they all say I take
Both the cake—and the bars, from York, Yorks.

"Fancy that," murmured Mr. York. "I may be plain, but the girls all give me their vote just the same."

"Will you dance with me, dear Mr. York?" cooed little Bo Peep.

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. York, "but I am afraid I can only do the cake walk."

"If a cake walk with Plain Mr. York is as good as a walk with a cake of Plain York, I shall love it."

"How beautifully you keep time with the bars, Mr. York," sighed the girl rapturously when the dance was over.

"Do I?" said Mr. York, highly flattered. "Well, I have a lot to do with bars—have you tried my new Almond Bar? I expect you're a bit hungry—have one now."

"Thank you," said the girl. "It's delicious. I always eat *your* chocolate because I know it's always good, both in cakes and bars."

"Certainly," said Mr. York, "the bars are just the same high quality as the larger cakes."

ASK at the SHOP for ROWNTREE'S

PLAIN YORK

FINEST EATING CHOCOLATE

Plain York: ½-lb. cakes 1/-; 6d. cakes and 2d. bars.

Try Rowntree's 2d. Almond Bar—something new for 1929.

The
ERASMIC TWINS
Violet and Blanche

The most Beautiful Blonde in Britain

—Blanche, with her equally famous twin-sister, Violet.

IN a few brief months Peerless White, the new wonder-soap, has soared into a popularity rivalling that of her famous twin-sister, Violet. There is no toilet soap in the world better than Peerless Erasmic, Violet and White—the soap with the marvellous foamy lather which soothes the skin like a cream.

Peerless Erasmic Beauty Preparations

PERFUME.
POWDER.
TALCUM.
VANISHING CREAM.

ERASMIC Peerless SOAP

Violet or White

6d. per tablet, 1/6 the box of three. *(In U.K. only.)*

ERP. 144-5

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE CORNWALL PRESS LTD., 1-6, Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. January 16, 1929.
Entered as second class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.